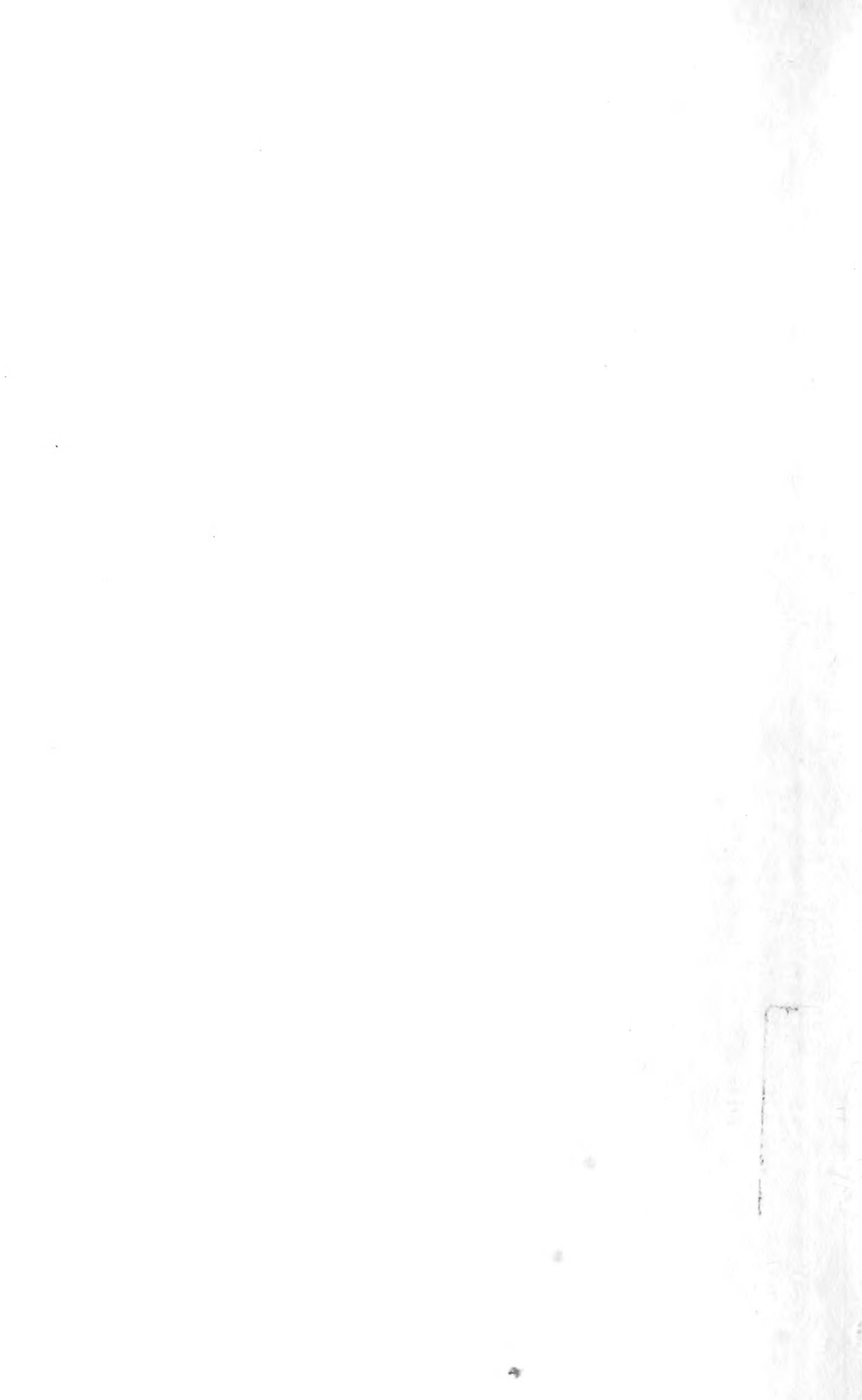


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READER, DIGEST!

"Out, Out, Damned Spot—a sonnet.....Mr. Clean

100 Days To A More Powerful

Vocabulary I'mal Capone

The Perfect Squelsh.....Prudence Squelsh,
daughter of the late Judge Sidney Squelsh

Inside OutJohn Gunther

The Most Unforgettable Character I ever Met
.....Myron Floren

That Certain SmileArthur Murray

Milton, The Man and The Thinker
.....Mrs. Marvin Berle

Bury Me DeadElsa Maxwell

The Truth About Amoebic Palengenisiss
.....Moose Fink, Ph.D.

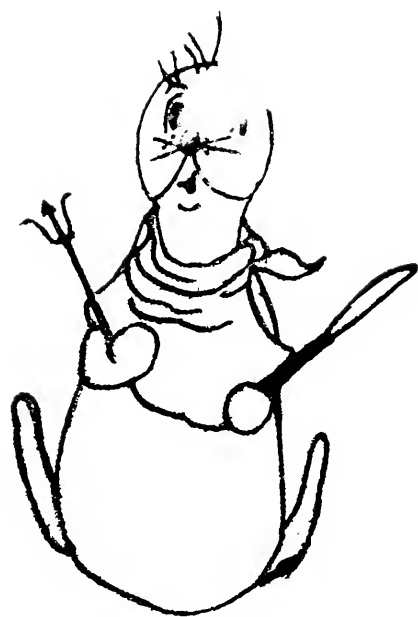
Exodus.....Jenny Grossinger

"You're The Boss".....Irving Faubus

For Whom The Bell Tolls.....Ted Mack

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SEP 30 1958



READER, *DIGEST* is published by LORIA to pacify our starved readers who cannot wait for the regular fall issue of LORIA. Letters to the editor may be addressed to LORIA, St. Joseph's College for Women, 245 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn 5, New York.

Loria Finkus Est

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Bohoses by Thomas Yeong

Letters to the Editors

Dear Editor,

The way I figure it is, if me and you don't write for Loria, who is, right?

Charlie Doolie

Dear Charlie,

Right, The welfare of LORIA is up to me and you both! — Ed.

Dear Editorial Board,

I am sick to death of LORIA. Every time I get one thrust into my locker, I quick rip it up and throw it away. Not that I don't think it's good literature, but they're so thin, I keep mistaking them for Library Notices.

A Concerned Friend

Dear Concerned,

How can you keep the home fires burning with no logs? - Ed.

Dear Editor,

Sometimes I really enjoy reading your little magazine because it makes me feel so ridiculously literary. But I must say, that sometimes I cannot see what place some things have in a magazine like LORIA. What was the idea of ever printing such a thing like "ZOARCH" in your last issue? Couldn't you have substituted some other word that would have made the poem more endearing?

A Ruffled Reader

Dear Ruffled,

Why don't you throw in your popsickle stick and rally round the Budda with the Bunch? - Ed.

Dear LORIA Staff,

Your magazine is in sad shape. It is either morbidly morose or completely fantastic. The articles are always written by the same people, and I never, but never understand the poetry. Why don't you people write articles that every one will enjoy? Write something FUNNY for a change.

Your Printer

Dear Printer,

Et tu, Brute?-Ed.

The pen is mightier than the pencil.

An Editorial appearing in the November 1957 issue of LORIA expressed alarm at the growing Undergraduate indifference towards LORIA as a vehicle for student expression. The combined efforts of *all* the students in every phase of the magazine are necessary for its success; but, it indicated, if no new ideas are expressed, then LORIA will fail in its attempt to *foster* an appreciation of good literature. It was hoped "that silence will not mean consent."

It is now rather apparent that the suspected indifference of 1957 has become the genuine apathy of 1959, and the "silence" is foreboding. Lately we have found it increasingly difficult to assemble material for each issue of LORIA, simply because we have not received much material to assemble. Members of the staff have been forced to investigate their parched resources so that we may compile enough articles that will create at least a thin magazine. Now we ask you, how long will our public stand for a thin magazine? They want bulk, and they want it vibrant and interesting (and then they will be, too). They want new ideas and they want them from new sources. If things continue as they are, our public may contribute its own material. And that's what we want, yes sir, that's what we want!

And FURTHERMORE, it seems that this genuine apathy is spreading beyond the confines of literary endeavor to most undergraduate organs, both curricular and extra-curricular. Lack of interest and cooperation within these areas have brought things to a crucial point, and we think that . . .



THE BROTHERS SMIRINOFF

JEAN BAUMGARTEN

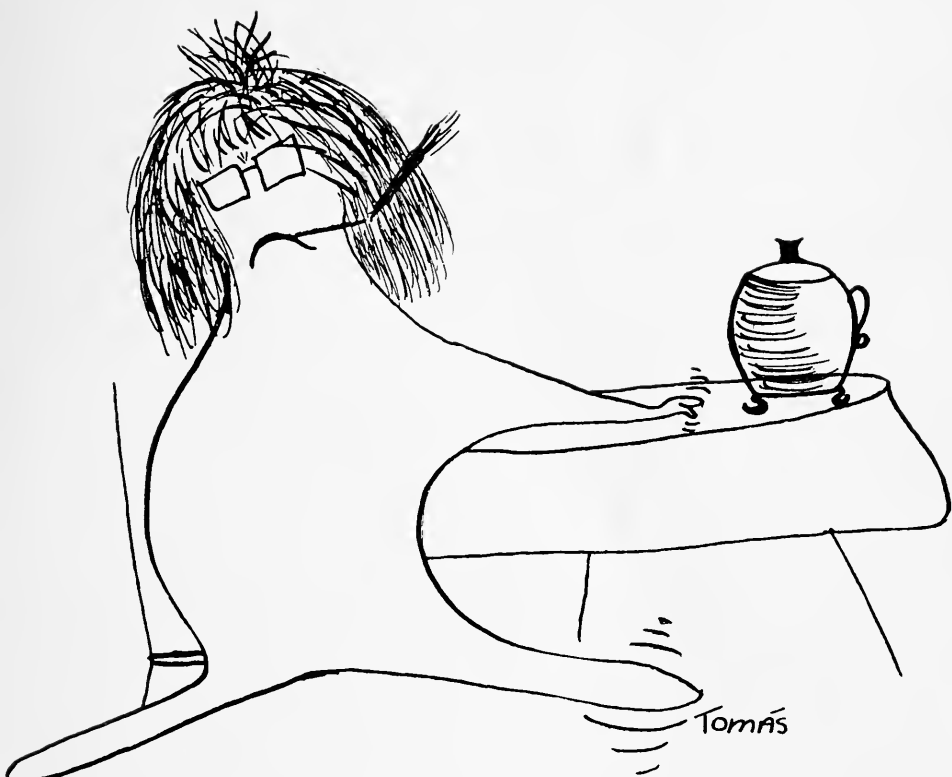
Casimir Smirinoff awakened with a dull aching sensation in his temples—it was night, and phantoms of blackness darted before him like an opaque curtain lifted now by a limpid wind to show whirling half circles of incadescent light, whose hem fell suddenly leaving only a slate-like sheet of impenetrable blackness. He opened his eyes and the pain throbbed behind them, moving like a blood-red scimitar, rounding its fatal arc and coming closer and closer to him as he lay stunned in the hard crusted snow bank.

Caski unconsciously raised his hand to his head and shrank inwardly with horror—his scalp was cut with hundreds of wooden splinters! He remembered dimly that he had been in his Brother Feodor's house—Feodor Smirinoff was the oldest of the three brothers and controlled the family fortunes with an iron hand. He was a harsh man—as bitter as he was ugly. A perpetual scowl twisted his lower lip and an unruly mane of red hair, falling to his shoulders, added an effect of the grotesque to his oversized head. Fedski Smirinoff drank too much—it was an all-controlling passion with him and this night he was especially passionate.

His breath sickened Caski where he sat opposite him and he stared at his brother's round weak face glowing in all hues of reddish-orange in the reflection of the flames beneath the Samovar.

"Fedski, you drink too much", he remembered saying. "You are a broken, drunken, dirty old man."

Dorski only smiled and snarled back, "And you, Casimir, you have the Natasha."



There was much meaning in this phrase-Caski realized it well. Natasha Natashinski, an attractive barmaid at the neighborhood hostel had spurned his older brother for him. Realizing the venom of this jealousy, the anger rose in him like a rod of molten lead;

"You will not mention Nasha's name on your foul breath", he roared, and hurled the heavy goblet in his hand at his brother's oversized head. He heard a heavy thud and a deep moaning sound as he reached the window, and half way across the sash, he recalled faintly that he had experienced the preliminary symptoms of one of his St. Vitas Dance attacks. His collar button had caught on one of the hinges of the shutter, and he had been mercilessly jolted up and down against the wooden frame.

"That accounts for the splinters", he quickly surmised.

Suddenly remembering his danger, Smirinoff got painfully to his feet, unhooked his collar, shook the snow from his clothes and the splinters from his head and made his way hurriedly out of the garden. He paused near the wall for a moment to get his bearings.

"I must go to Natasha", he thought, "I must tell her I have 50,000 rupels — in travelers cheques", he mused self-contentedly. As he

The quickest way to a man's heart is through his aorta.

paused under the dim street lamp, he saw a nervous little figure draped in the gown of a monk, hurrying down the long street toward him. It was his brother, Yul.

"Greetings, my Yulski," he said, almost cheerfully. "What brings you out on such a night?"

"Well . . . I'm just on my way to see Feodor. My allowance has run out and I saw this lovely Ikon today that I simply must have."

Casimir blanched, "Yulski, I think I have just killed our brother Feodor in a quarrel. Now I'm going to Natasha and we're leaving for Ztovnzkt tonight. I have 50,000 rupels which I snatched from Fed-ski's safe.

Yulski only shook his head and said, "You'll be sorry."

He tried to object but Yul only persisted, "You'll rue the day; You'll be sorry."

Casidor turned away in disgust. He'd had enough of Yul for tonight. He turned into the street where Natasha lodged and bounded up the two flights of stairs which led to her rooms.

"Tasherina," he shouted pounding on the door. "Tasherina, let me in. It's Casimoff Smirinoff."

The door swung open and there stood Natasha Natashinski, a slender, beautiful woman of about thirty years of age. She had the skin and profile of a Cameo with a mountain of yellow hair piled on top of her handsome head, and the narrow zone of her waist encircled with a richly embroidered money apron.

"Vell," she said laconically.

"Natski," Casimoff said tenderly, "I have 50,000 rupels and a sleigh ready for us—I have killed Fedski in a fit of anger and we must escape to Ztsovnzkst tonight before the authorities learn of it. That fool, Yul, knows already."

Natasha was halfway down the stairs before he finished and seated in the carriage before he caught up with her.

"Caski," she cooed, "Our chance at last to flee from the oppression of the world and be alone - you, me and the 50,000 rupels."—

Casimir flushed with high spirits, bounded to his feet, and cracked his whip on the broad backs of the horses. As he rode past the Smirinoff mansion he heard the drunken strains of the *Internationale* rising on the ridges of the frozen night air.

He had not killed him after all — Caski was rather glad at that and smiled at Nashinka across the bear-skin blanket. The sleigh bells clanged dimmer and dimmer as they rode swiftly out of the town.

Only a solitary figure watched them retreat from the shadow of the garden wall, and if they could have perceived it, they would have heard a mournful voice reciting over and over again—"You'll be sorry, You'll rue the day."

The Character We Can't Forget*

(due to circumstances beyond our control,
our perspective has been clouded . . .
Please Stand By . . .)

KIKI WALSH

Call the Main of the Chain and bend
your lobe . . . for I am told —

The Core of it All is rotted - The
one-eyed monster is dead.

Oh! Clued in creature . . . do not fret
for the Set, Awake from this stared -
eyed state and note:

The Past is always being
created . . . The Future devoured, and the Present
never exists . . . Even the bongo blasts of
Contemporary Beat-Americana are only echoes of
a mandolin being strummed on a large porch
in the “lilac-scented time” of F. Scott . . .

Observe your lot . . . no sweat . . . no regret.
Be the first in your neighborhood to
admit total defeat . . . it's Heartwarming
and Quenching!

*The saddened TV viewer upon seeing his set on the blink.

You would never say he was ten. He was too little, almost delicate, this creature staring into the square library mirror. He leaned forward in the indirect light and childishly traced his image on the glass.

"Charles P. Tierney III," he said, "son of Charles P. Tierney II, son of . . ." He smiled wickedly at his own ramblings. "For a small boy, Charlie, you've got a quick mind," he complimented himself.

He always referred to himself as Charlie; it annoyed his mother no end. She was, he decided, one of those obnoxious class females of which he had read in a magazine article. *Nouveau riche*, he seemed to recall the phrase.

"Always putting on," he said, looking at his reflection, thinking of her. "The . . . dripping with . . . could kill her. ~~That's~~ buy anything. And . . . Even Miss Herbert . . ."

His face grew dark with and anger. He remembered the incident well. That was - let's see - three years ago. When he started second grade, he guessed.

Miss Herbert was a prim, good-looking young woman, sensible as a New England town had brought her up to be. She was teaching in a private school, getting practice and experience for the family she hoped one day to have.

"Children are an amazing source of knowledge. Such imagination, realism and inner sight can't be found anywhere else.

There's not one of them that can't teach you something; a technique, an approach, or" - somewhat ruefully - "a lesson."

Charles P. III, it seemed, had fallen into the latter category. Or maybe you couldn't really class him at all, she often thought, and shuddered.

He was always frowning, obvious displeasure in his eyes. He would stare at you balefully, grimace fiercely until you looked away. He never walked into a room; he shuffled. He sprawled gracelessly in his seat, commenting when he thought it neces-

Correction, or chastisement.

Ten minutes for your hours battle with the graveyard which

had been remaining contender with Charles. As the tinkling accompaniment stopped, the small girl plunked her bottom hard on the wooden chair. As winner, she dutifully received her prizes: a tiny clothesline and clothespin set and - to her delight - a yellow canary that had been class pet until then.

Charles stared unbelievably at this usurper of gifts rightfully his. Why, he would've won if she hadn't pushed him to sit down. The prizes were his. He pushed his eyebrows further

ing the chill of the early morning air. The clouds separated and the sun burst through, spreading its rays over the wide expanse of of yellow sand. Each tiny grain began to give off a glow and as he walked towards his tower, the sand was warm and gentle to his bare feet.

Abruptly he awoke from his dreaming, for the sight of the white tower reminded him that he'd better start to work.

"Boy! That chair sure needs a paint job. I'll have to get to it one of these

~~cars.~~
His partner on the tower, Bill Kathy's older brother, arrived yet so Tom was the beach. Reaching he could see that much stretched endless- his eyes, was calm and

~~and~~ as he stood watching, the rolling in continuous sion to the shore, leaving many wake surging behind. The stone jetty, resembling a massive stone wall, juttred out from the shore in front of the tower, and it was a part of Tom's job to parole it every day. Now it was being paroled by a solitary seagull. Apparently the bird found no satisfaction in pacing the wall, for seconds later he began to sweep over the water.

"Wait a minute feller, this is getting you nowhere fast. Just forget about the seagull and get up in that chair." Admonishing

himself, Tom quickly mounted his tower and settled himself for the first watch of the morning.

Trying hard to concentrate on the water, Tom thought to himself that soon the bathers would begin arriving and the sand, completely overrun with people, would hardly be visible. He could also imagine the activity which would be going on all around him as the tide rolled its huge waves to the shore. The shouts of children building their castles in the sand would be mingled with the roar of the waves, the shrieking of seagulls, and the shouts of ice cream vendors. Huge beach balls would sail through the air and Tom would warn the ballplayers to be careful of the children playing. Occasionally, the shrill blast of a whistle would indicate to Tom that some bather was in trouble.

Scanning the horizon from his high perch, because of the clearness of the day, Tom could see the green outline of the Jersey shore in the distance. He was more deeply touched by the beauty of his surroundings than he would dare to admit even to himself.

"What's the matter with me today? I'm all off. All the Chief has to do is find me dreaming and that's it . . . Wonder why that bird seems to get such a charge out of walking up and down the jetty by himself? He looks pretty silly if you ask me." Then a sudden realization of what had been bothering him

BOOK REVIEW

JOSEPHINE McMAHON

Gone With the Breeze by A. Typhoon. 14 pp. Anabel. \$1.03.

In this the first novel of his trilogy entitled *Stories to Sail By*, Mr. Typhoon presents a real and striking problem in which everyone, who has ever seen water in any form, be it liquid, solid, or gas, will be deeply concerned. The multi-phased plot which centers around Poppeye Skipper-son, the son of the Skipper of the good ship "U.R. Lost," deals with his conflict between two opposing forces. On the one side stands Poppeye's father, I. M. Wet (who was thus christened during a violent storm at sea), an adamant seadog who has barked, "My son will follow the profession that has been a family tradition for the past ten months." Against this dogmatic edict stands Poppeye's sweetheart and betrothed Cee Sick, who becomes deathly ill upon sight of anything that remotely resembles more than eight ounces of H²O. Struggle upon struggle follows

until finally the climax is reached when Skipper Wet tries to marry his son to the sea. This does not work, however, because at the last minute the bride gets nervous and refuses to say the necessary, "I do." To retaliate Cee sends her brothers one night to kidnap her lover from the clutches of those of the one tracked minds. This is again a solution of no avail since it is learned that Poppeye is allergic to land. Alas, it seems that the two young lovers are to find no happiness on this earth, when our hero, who has yet to say a word while his destiny is being decided by two hostile adversaries, finally takes to the air, and solves his problem. He becomes a pilot, joins the Air Force, and purchases a split-level balloon with a two-plane hanger, where he and Cee live happily ever after.

As one can see the plot itself is sufficient to rank this great novel

as a leading contender for the *Readers Digest* "Book-of-the-Week Club" prize, but there are several other reasons for its success as entertainment as well as literature. Mr. Typhoon, in his familiar stream-of-unconsciousness style, has once again presented his tale in an indomitable manner. Indeed few modern writers have been able to express their thoughts as adequately when conscious as our author can when unconscious. Pure literature!

His symbolic technique also enhances the value of the story. Each name reveals the character of it's bearer, and acts as a prophet, fortelling the turn of the

plot. The title reveals the solution, as we see Poppeye and Cee gone from the earth and sea with the breeze of his aircraft.

Geographically speaking, this book gives an exacting description from Poppeye's exploits on the sea to his adventures in the air, and is now being used as a fifth grade geography reader in the public schools of Maranka, Alaska.

Yes reader, we personally recommend this book for general patronage whether your interests go with the obscure or the simple, or whether you just read at night as an alternative to counting sheep.

He who casts bread upon the waters gets soggy bread.

FARS POETICA

JEAN BAUMGARTEN

Writing a poem is as simple as rolling in a flower bed. In fact, if you are seriously considering invoking the Muse, this is as good a position as any to begin from. An affinity to dame nature has always been the touchstone of the great poets and the very aesthetic Bunthorne of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* advises young poets to form:

“An attachment *a la Plato* for a bashful young potato, or
“a not too French French bean”

or to

“Walk down Picadilly with a poppy or a lily in your
Medieval hand.”

Such seed should not fall on barren ground!

When choosing a Muse you are free to pick anyone from Maria Callas to a radish, but you must be very cagy with your sprite once you have selected he, she, or whatever, since the average muse tends to be a trifle stingy with his inspiration. You must stand aloof and entirely disinterested and never drop so much as a grain of incense when your Muse is in whiffing distance, if you expect her assistance. Suppose we take a test case.

A tragic event has just distorted your life; your chest x-ray has shown positive — in fact, your left lung is a little on the lacy side. In such a situation you should never go out along the river banks, dragging a languid arm in the water, or cry out to the stars to reveal to you the mystery of life. To this Maria or the radish would turn a deaf ear.

You must go calmly home, flick on the radio, hum a few choruses of “I’m Gonna Live ‘Till I Die” and before you know it, you’ll find yourself prostrate on your living room floor in a poetic trauma, reciting strophe after strophe of unrhymed iambic pentameter. However, writing poetry isn’t this much fun all the time. There is a certain master of form that the young poet should acquire and there are a few devices which are an absolute must to his art. First there is alliteration - a poet is simply not a poet unless he alliterates skillfully and ever so subtly. The best letters to use in this respect are: “l” - which gives your phrase a sleek, liquid, well-turned sound-
“lips like little leaves”

“b” - is just about one of the best letters to alliterate since it has a forcefulness about it to enervate your thought as well as heighten the melody e.g.

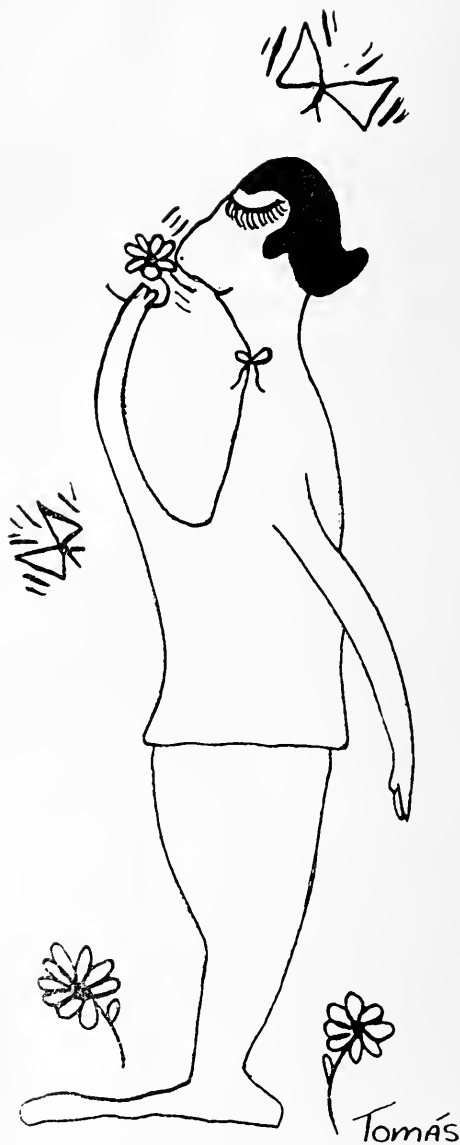
“Blow, blow blow, thou bright, bright, breeze.”

The young writer should also have at his fingertips the names of all the gods, goddesses, demigods, nymphs, satyrs, fauns, ogres, apparitions and dwelling places of all existing mythologies since this gives a note of erudition to your verse, makes your line sound polished and classic, and provides rhymes for words that nothing else rhymes with; for example:

“Where the heck are they
Dew Bright Hecate?”

The neophyte poet might also develop a keen sense of rhythm so that there will be a pleasant undulation of one sort or another in the body of his poem. Furthermore, it gives your poetry a characteristic of “belonging.”

This generation is fortunate, however, in that an ingenious device called a *rhymanome* has just been invented. This consists of a little wooden box with a freely moving pendulum which is set in motion by a mechanical winder. The box has a gauge which may be set for all the different metres - Octosyllabic couplets, Terza Rima, Trochaic Hexameter, etc. All you do is set the dial, release the ticker, and write like the Dickens! Deluxe models also have an additional notch marked “free verse”, but this is only to be used at the author’s own discretion, since many a rhymanome has been known to go stark raving mad at this point.



In selecting a title, the writer should flash the content of the poem before the reader's mind with a brilliant immediacy, and yet have a note of mystery about it to induce the reader into the body of the work. A poem about the resplendent loveliness in the season following winter should never be given a paltry title like, "Spring Song", or "Now Springs the Spray." Something like "On First Seeing the Spring Dawn From Farquar Bridge Between Eight and Nine in the Morning Unawares" is more appropriate. Lastly, the apprentice poet must affiliate himself with some philosophical system, or better

still, invent one. A good ideology to begin with is Pantheism - since the critics have a soft spot in their hearts for phrases like "Part of the universe" or "a spirit whirled through the cycles of nature", and so on.

Transcendentalism is especially good to achieve a sort of oracular quality for your poetic line - this is useful if you're writing a poem just for yourself and do not wish the eyes of the world to condemn it. Our friend Bunthorne, a confirmed Transcendentalist, adds this weighty statement:

"You must lie upon the daises and discourse in
novel phrases of your complicated state of mind,
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle
chatter of a Transcendental kind."

Any writer who wishes to rise from writing greeting-card poetry to immortality must revise his work. You might think that the 2,000 line elegy you have dashed off celebrating the demise of your cocker spaniel is ready for *The Atlantic Monthly* - but it is necessary to scratch out, insert, add and delete many times before your work will prove satisfactory to yourself and the world. This short poem took an hour to write:

Tell me where my love has flown
Is it where the wind had blown
Or the black vaults of the sky
Tell me, pray, or I will die.

Obviously, this poem has its flaws. Therefore, a few corrections can be made.

Sign. name of goddess

Venus where has my love flown
is it where the *bright* wind has *gambols* - rarer word
Or the black vaults of the sky
Speak! or life will be a *shambles*. - rhyme

Now we have:

Venus where has my love flown
Is it where the bright wind gambols
Or the black vaults of the sky
Speak! or life will be a shambles.

Now it is perfect. So the poet thinks until he reads it six months later, and is filled with remorse for his slovenly technique, and de-



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LORIA



St. Joseph's College

A LITTLE MAGAZINE
OF VERSE AND PROSE
BY THE STUDENTS OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Edited by Michael J. Ratigan

MOURNING DOVE

The stillness of grey dawn
is broken
by your sad song;
A late lullabye
that coos faintly
to a love that hears you no more

Anne Kobel

I WILL REMEMBER YOU

I see sadness;
It is not yours but mine.
Forgetfulness is yours.
I have written you;
But your reply is not written.
I have called you;
But you were too busy to talk.
You have gone far away.....
Our laughter together
is heard no longer.
You still laugh; but my laughter
you have forgotten.
You have gone far away.....
You did not bid me adieu.

Maybe it is time for me to forget
But I cannot
Always and forever, I will remember

(Joan Kateri)

Dorothy Birch



THE FUMES OF HEAVEN

Behold thy blue island / Pale and geey
The crescents of life / With death's dismay.

Touch the ignition of technology's fumes!
Kitchen of hell, Richmen's bedrooms.

Feel the sea of deafening voices!
Till the world ends, still with his choices.

Walking to the sea/ Towards heaven's shore
Creature seeking/ Neptune shuts the door.

Why do you deny?
Oh Father, why, why, why?
Neptune looks at the fumes

fumes

fumes.....

Martin Davis



TWO LOVERS IN THE NIGHT

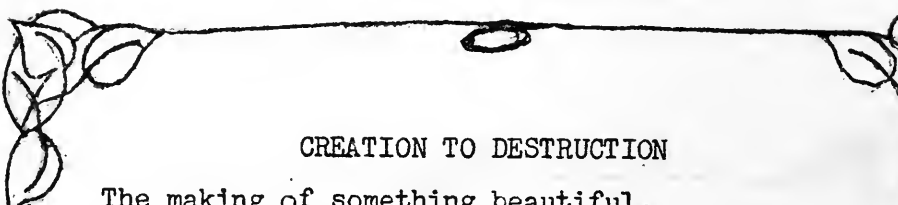
Lie with me in fields of green,
As the stars mirror our passions
And the night shields our actions.
Spoken with a kiss, the truth is seen.

Two wills united as a single being
Struggling against all bodily confines
In a moment of fulfillment all are one
And nature's intent complete.

The evening breeze serenades from above,
As we share the perfect act of love,
As the fire dies, the embers grow,
And keep us warm against the cold.

Reminded again of our desires
Once fulfilled, never forgotten
We hold together a pure embrace
Two lovers in the night.

John Teehan



CREATION TO DESTRUCTION

The making of something beautiful,
Life and all its wonders
Growing, laughing, living, loving
Flowers blooming with color,
Children playing hide 'n' go seek.

Life is simple and adventurous

When you are young
Not a care in the world, just lots of love
And lots of fun.

Then you wake up, only to find the magic is gone
You wonder where life went.

Sandra Zappia

DEATH

Death is something you will find
When the memory of life has died
And you are ready to accept
What we for our whole lives reject.

But you will find when heartbeats cease
That all there is to feel...is peace
And, undoubtedly, you'll rise
To greet your post-mortem surprise.

For no religion, cult or sect,
Claiming to know what to expect
Has quite hit it upon the head
Concerning what comes after death

As to whether
There's heaven or hell
Nobody
Has lived to tell.

And so, we all go blindly on
Knowing we'll know when we're gone
The answer to the question posed:
What happens to our fleeing souls.

And whether we
Are blessed or burned.
It must be nice;
No one's returned.

Dominic Orlando

PAIN

I am cold/ I am sadness/ I am pain.

I am known throughout the world
I am known to every human being,
And every human being has felt my touch.

As someone watches lovers kiss/ He known me.
Everyone is afraid of me/ I am pain.

I can break hearts/ Cause death/ Loneliness.

(Joan Kateri)

Dorothy Birch

UNFINISHED MAN

His skin is the color of a fetus,
Pink and transparent / With white splotches.

Film covers his body,
Protection his mother gives --- amniotic sac.

He hasn't opened his eyes to the world yet
But he will in time.

Break thatwater, boy,
Break it now.

Anne Kobel

About our name. LORIA was Archbishop Molloy's titular diocese. His lengthy episcopate, and friendship toward SJC, prompted our usage.

THE SOLO COWBOY

Sunset paints the sky again
And reminds me of the scars ;
Once again at the trail's end
Still alone beneath the stars.
Desert wind blows through the night
As I ride through this life's game,
I need someone to hold me tight
And help me shake this pain.

I'm the solo cowboy
Out on a love quest -
Just a lonesome rider
Taking on life's best -
Looking for a partner
Trying the pass the test.

I find what I've been looking for
Or at least that's what I think
When the dust clears I'm on the floor ;
Well, just pour me another drink,
When morning dawns I'll forget her,
'Ca use there's a new start with each end.
Dig the spurs a little deeper
The solo cowboy rides again.

Endless scenes of barroom dreams
Which may never come to light,
You take the cards life deals out
And you try to play them right,
But if you lose it's OKay
Just saddle up and ride on,
You'll reach your search's end someday
Beyond the next horizon.

John Teehan

AS I WALK ALONG THE SAND
MY FEET SLOWLY SINKING IN
WILD THOUGHTS OF CRAZY TIMES
WANDER IN MY HEAD
I FEEL THE PULL OF THE WAVES
CALLING OUT TO ME
TAUNTINGLY
YET SOMETHING HOLDS ME BACK.

THE CRYING PAIN WITHIN MY HEART
THE MEMORIES BURNING THROUGH
ARE JUST THE PAST CALLING ME.

YET LOVE STILL GLOWS :
IT GROWS SO DEEP
THAT ALL EMPTINESS IS GONE.
THE OCEAN CALLS BUT I TURN AWAY.

I AM STRONGER NOW.
I HAVE WON THE GAME.

Sandra Zappia

The thought of all this fills me with dismay,
Fellow Americans, please let us pray.

Daniel McCarthy

URNS OF LIFE

I sit back and watch the world spin
'round; it turns in every way.

I see the turns my friends have taken;
One's in love, the other forsaken.
I share the happiness of the one
She smiles and laughs and glows
I see the turns of the one;
She dreams of marriage and a son.

I share the sorrow of the other;
She struggles and cries in grief.

I see the turns of the other;
She hopes for a cure for her dying mother.

I sit back and watch the world spin
'round; it turns in every way.

I see the turns my own life's taken
I'm not in love, nor forsaken.
I sit back and watch the world spin
'round; it turns our lives in fate.
I see the turns I can't explain;
A turn of joy, a turn of pain.

Maria Francavilla

Children grow and learn to cry,
Destruction sets in,
Hurt, pain anger, fear
Destroy the one you hold so dear.
Then one day you grow old, laughter gone from
your eyes; then one day you die.

WE ARE RENEGADES AND GYPSIES
AND WIZARDS AND THE LIKE
AND POETS AND MINSTRELS
AND DANCERS IN THE NIGHT.
WE ARE SEARCHING; YES SEARCHING
IN THE DARK AND THE COLD
FOR RAINBOWS AND ANSWERS
AND POTS OF GOLD.

WE WANT FREEDOM AND LOVE AND CREATIVITY
WE ARE FIGHTING THE DARKNESS FOR SOME SECURITY
WE ARE RUNNING FROM THE SHADOWS AND SHEER PIRACY
SO WE WEAVE ALL THESE FEELINGS INTO FANTASY.

WE WONDER AND WANDER
ACROSS THE GLOBE
LEARNING THE BALANCE
AND WHAT WE MUST HOLD.

IN OUR HEARTS, IN OUR LIVES,
THAT SEARCH GROWS MORE BOLD
FOR RAINBOWS AND ANSWERS
AND POTS OF GOLD.

M. J. Ratigan

A little old lady and a big old man
Getting along as best they can.
Drained of joy and drained of sorrow,
Nothing left but fear of tomorrow.
In a world that they no longer know
Everything in it is changing so.
The rapings, the muggings, the terrible crime
Are now accepted as part of our time.
No longer can one walk straight and proud
In a land that was once above the crowd,
But with graft and corruption now on the brink,
Of total disorder, about to sink.

AN ENGLISH "MAJOR" SINGS OF LOVE

Come live with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove
Of Lawrence and Shaw speak we will
Among the lilacs and daffodil.

With me you'll sail on morning's dew
And fly through skies forever blue
Browning, Lovelace we'll recite
Contemplating love's delight.

With Gibran's prophet we'll converse
And speak of Morte Christo's curse
While wading through a sea of words
Soothed by the song of hummingbirds.

There it is, I have sung my song
Hoping to your heart it will belong
If by chance it does, my fair sweet dove
Then come live with me and be my love.

Edward Vega

LIFE WITHOUT LIFE

Life without life:

A man walks/ Grasping a thin grey soul
Feeling it is not enough.

Memories of love:

A gentle woman yet haunts/ his mind.
Even in the calmest moments/ There is no escape.
Is it so deep/ The well she burrowed into his being?
And now it is cold and dark/ Without her light
An empty space that opens wide/ And leaves him hollow.
Life without life:

A man walks/ Grasping a thin grey soul
Feeling it is not enough.

Richard Mahon

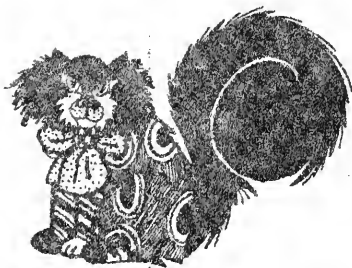
"Sometimes love is like a rainbow.
You can't touch it, but you feel it in
your heart."

(Anonymous)

TO MY LOVE

That is how my love for you was to be.
Because, my darling, you are too busy
trying to be free.
I may not touch the lovely soft skin
of your face, or feel the warmth and
security of your embrace.
I can not kiss your lips of wine.
I only sit by myself waiting, for a day
that may never come,
And endure pains and sorrow
that your absence has begun.
I am only with you in my dreams.
They are so real, or so it seems.
I still feel the same; I always will.
I have hopes and prayers that you
love me still.
Then my waiting will come to an end
And my broken heart will then mend.
I know it may not seem clever
But I will love you
always and forever.

Walter F. Carlo





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245 Clinton Avenue
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Editor-in-Chief
Maureen Mangan

Associate Editor
Susan Hussey

Literary Staff
Anne Conway
Peg Candee
Rosemarie McGrath
Carmel Picozzi

Business Staff
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Gracemarie Latella

Cover
Catherine Leffler

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The Seventh Lovely Art

There is an appointed time for everything
and a time for every affair under the heavens.

ECCLESIASTES 3:1-2

Goe and catche a falling starre
Get with child a mandrake roote
Tell me, where all past yeares are
Or who cleft the Diuel's foot

Song—John Donne

Into the gap between duty and lethargy climbs the terrible enemy, procrastination. Donne's poem, although inspired by a bitterness of a different sort, effectively expresses the frustrations of writing. Nothing is more disastrous than facing a blank sheet of paper with a blank mind. It is inevitable that the paper will win.

If we admit that it is largely through the medium of literature that one man communicates with another, and previous ages with subsequent ones, how can we explain this mental speechlessness? Each individual is unique and has the paradoxical ability to transmit or translate that very quality to others. It follows that each of us, though admittedly not all creative, is capable of expressing some

portion of his unique personality. It is perhaps easier to do so face to face where the humanity involved is so patently concrete.

To speak to one person, to strike a chord of empathy in one soul, it is necessary to speak to many. This is because the response, like the stimulant, varies widely from one person to another. Writing is peculiarly suited to evoking this response. The eye returns again and again to pursue the thought contained in a few lines. That which is not grasped immediately makes the leap from page to mind upon reflection.

Even the advantage of spontaneity which arises in conversation carries with it an impermanence. When we speak of the brilliance of a Samuel Johnson, it is coupled with regret that only his contemporaries could savor it. Counterbalancing this, writing offers a measure of durability. Concomitantly, the setting of words in proper order demands the setting of thoughts in logical sequence. A conversation can only be improved instantaneously; it is impossible to retreat in time to reshape, rephrase or even scrap any part of it.

Curiously enough, essays and poems, at opposite poles of creativity, often require the most revision. In both, words must be carefully selected to convey the desired meaning. But the labor is good; for man as a social creature, these gropings are elemental to his spiritual fiber.

In this medium, we are limited only by our own inventiveness and imagination. The opportunity is available and *this* is the appointed time.

—Maureen Mangan '63

Existentialist Writers:

ALBERT CAMUS

"The world in which I live is repugnant, but I feel myself one with the human beings who suffer in it. There are some ambitions which are not mine and I would feel ill at ease if I were to make my way by depending upon the poor privileges that are reserved for those who accommodate themselves to this society. But it seems to me there is another ambition which should be that of all writers: to bear witness and shout each time it is possible, and according to our ability, for those who, like us, are enslaved."¹

The philosophy of Albert Camus, to be properly understood, must be considered in two separate sections: his concern with the absurd; his later and more comprehensive philosophy of revolt.

Properly speaking, Camus can be classed as an existential writer since his abiding concern is with the individual, specifically, the contemporary individual at grips with a universe and history which baffles and oppresses him. However, Camus is not an existentialist philosopher *per se*, since he maintains his thought in the existential without attempting to fix and define the nature of this flux; whereas, Sartre, for example, is an existentialist philosopher because he has attempted to develop his existential reflections into a coherent ontology.

What is existentialism? Basically, it is the philosophical belief that we exist without knowing the reason why—existence without essence. Because existence lacks essence, it is constantly in danger and uncertainty. The existential attitude combines a thorough concern for the individual with an almost unbearable honesty in the description of that individual, his universe, and the history which molds him.

¹ Albert Maquet, *Albert Camus: The Invincible Summer*, (George Braziller, Inc., New York, 1958), pp. 249-250.

Within this general framework lies the thought of Albert Camus, who held that truth is found by a subjective intensity of passion, that the individual is always becoming, and is constantly involved in choice, risk, and therefore, freedom; that man exists *in* the world and is naturally related with it. Also deeply significant to Camus is death, its inevitability and finality:

“I do not like to believe that death opens upon another life. To me it is a door that shuts.”²

With this general outline in mind we can return to the two primary divisions of Camus’ thought: the theory of the Absurd; and philosophy of revolt.

The Absurd

It is extremely difficult for a Catholic to imagine life without meaning or value, imbued as he is with the certainty of God’s existence and the immortality of his soul. We act, not out of habit or indifference, but with purpose, striving to perfect ourselves and those around us in imitation of our Creator. We look at life, the world, the universe, as reflections of the Goodness, the Power, the Majesty of God. Camus looked at these things and saw absurdity. It was impossible for him to open his heart to the revelation of any kind of absolute truth; therefore, without God, life to Camus, quite logically, was senseless, absurd.

According to Camus, the birth of the feeling of absurdity occurs when the habitual chain of man’s daily movements is broken. The individual, sustained until then by habit, suddenly discovers, “even instinctively, the ridiculous character of habit, the absence of any profound reason for living, the senseless character of that daily agitation, and the futility of suffering.”³

Man’s consciousness is, therefore, awakened and he sees that he cannot live any longer for tomorrow and the future. He must make an attempt to come to terms with the present, responding in one of two ways: suicide or readjustment. The former is unacceptable to Camus because it consents to the Absurd as final and limitless. One must readjust.

² *Ibid.*, p. 41.

³ Thomas Hanna, *The Thought and Art of Albert Camus* (Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, 1958), p. 47.

But how?

Camus makes use of *The Myth of Sisyphus* to demonstrate allegorically exactly what it is like to live in an absurd world, and how one adjusts to it.

Sisyphus, who was the wisest and most prudent of all mortals, loved the earth and hated death and the gods. Condemned by the gods, he was cast into Hades and punished with eternally futile and hopeless labor. His task for all eternity was to roll a boulder up to the crest of a mountain from which it would, of its own weight, crash back down to the bottom.

However, at the moment Sisyphus watches the boulder hurtle down the mountain and then goes down himself to take it up once again, he is superior to his destiny. This is his hour of consciousness. He is conscious of his plight and it is this recognition which transforms his torment into his victory. He has seen his destiny for what it is, and has, therefore, become his own master. He faces a world which no longer controls nor deceives him.

The works which reflect this phase of Camus' thought are *The Stranger*, a novel, and the plays, *Caligula* and *The Misunderstanding*.

Meursault, throughout most of *The Stranger*, is a creature of habit, apathetic and completely indifferent towards his fellow man. Condemned to die for his cold-blooded killing of an Arab, he becomes, in the face of death, conscious of himself and his relation to the universe. Even though he knows he is to die he experiences contentment and peace for the first time in his life, because he has intuitively become aware of the benign indifference of the universe and feels a kinship with it. He realizes that death is the foundation of this indifference; it gives us an absolute freedom which tells us no matter what we do it has no final importance—whether crime or sanctity. Like Sisyphus, Meursault has seen his destiny for what it is. He too, faces a world which no longer controls nor deceives him.

While Meursault has come to a realization of the Absurd and succeeded in readjusting himself to it, the characters in *The Misunderstanding* and *Caligula* fail miserably.

In *The Misunderstanding*, Camus presents Martha and her mother as dramatic examples of two persons clearly aware of the absurd universe in which they live, who suffer from it, struggle against it, and are finally defeated by it. The story itself centers around the return of Jan, Martha's brother, after an absence of 20 years. His purpose is to rescue them from their squalid existence. To make his surprise complete he decides to lodge at their inn for the night as a stranger and to reveal his identity the following day. However, during the night, mother and daughter kill him as they had killed other lodgers, ironically, to steal the money they needed to escape their present life. Upon discovery of his passport, the mother, stunned with the awareness of her inhuman act, throws herself into the river. Martha, however, feels neither pity nor remorse for her deed, only increased bitterness at the absurdity of life. She cries out vengefully prior to her own suicide:

"Let me hold on to my rightful anger! For before I die, I shall not raise my eyes to implore Heaven . . . Oh! I hate this world where we are reduced to God. But I, who suffer injustice, I have not been rightly dealt with, and I will not kneel. And deprived of my place on this earth, rejected by my mother, alone in the midst of my crimes, I shall leave this world without being reconciled."⁴

While in *The Misunderstanding*, the Absurd was seen to issue in murder and suicide on a limited scale, in *Caligula*, the Absurd gives birth to murder, destruction, and madness on an almost universal scale.

The emperor Caligula, at the death of Drusilla, his sister and mistress, comes to a realization that the world is anything but satisfactory: "Men die, and they are not happy." He sets out, therefore, to achieve freedom by rebelling against fate. His remaining rule is one of tyranny, murder, and perversion of all values. There is, eventually, a revolt, led by Scipio and Cherea, and Caligula is assassinated. In the person of Cherea, the rebel, there is voiced both an understanding of the Absurd and a rejection of it as a way of life:

⁴ Albert Camus, *Caligula and Three Other Plays* (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1958), p. 125.

"I desire to live and be happy. I believe that one can be neither one nor the other by pushing the absurd into all of its consequences. I am like everyone. To feel myself free, I sometimes wish for the death of those that I love, I covet women which the laws of family or of friendship forbid me to covet. To be logical I would have to kill or possess. But it is my judgment that these vague ideas are not important. If everyone tried to realize them we could neither live nor be happy. Once again, it is this that matters."⁵

Cherea's speech is extremely significant, for it expresses a new element in the thought of Camus — something he had been groping toward all along. One cannot be unfaithful to mankind through fidelity to oneself even in the face of the Absurd. *The Stranger*, *Caligula* and *The Misunderstanding* are proofs of Camus' new theory that no one can save himself all alone and one cannot be free at the expense of others. The individual must unite with others to fight actively and aggressively against the Absurd: He must become, in short, a rebel.

The Revolt

In *The Rebel*, a philosophical treatise, Camus himself explains his theory of revolt:

"In absurdist experience, suffering is individual. But from the moment when a movement of rebellion begins, suffering is seen as a collective experience. Therefore, the first progressive step for a mind overwhelmed by the strangeness of things is to realize that this feeling of strangeness is shared with all men and that human reality, in its entirety, suffers from the distance which separates it from the rest of the universe. The malady experienced by a single man becomes a mass plague. In our daily trials rebellion plays the same role as does the 'cogito' in the realm of thought: it is the first piece of evidence. But this evidence lures the individual from his solitude. It found its first value on the whole human race. I rebel — therefore we exist."⁶

Two of the novels which express this phase of Camus' thought are *The Plague* and *The Fall*.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 51-52.

⁶ Albert Camus, *The Rebel. An Essay on Man in Revolt* (Vintage Books, New York, 1956), p. 22.

The Plague has been called the most anti-Christian of all Camus' books, because it is the one which affirms a religion of human nobility without God and even against God. Literally, *The Plague* can be construed as a description of a plague-ridden town with particular concentration on a handful of men and their reactions to it.

But the plague which attacks this town is the same that attacks the world. According to Camus, it is a symbol of the Absurd and its fantastic growth is a result of those who passively submitted to it. One of the main characters in *The Plague*, Tarrou, voices Camus' own theory of rebellion:

"I only know that one must do what one can to cease being plague-stricken, and that's the only way in which we can hope for some peace or, failing that, a decent death."⁷

It is Tarrou, also, who later asked the paradoxical question:

"Can one be a saint without God?—that's the problem, in fact the only problem, I'm up against today."⁸

Tarrou, as well as Dr. Rieux, his friend, have been taught by the plague that there are more things to admire in men than to despise. In their common struggle against the oppressive plague, men have discovered solidarity, compassion, and sympathy.

While *The Plague* is the most anti-Christian of all Camus' books, *The Fall* is the most personal.

The main character, Clamence, undergoes the most intense psychological scrutinization that Camus had ever given any other character to date, possibly because it is Camus himself hidden under the guise of the fictional Clamence.

The latter is a self-assured, prosperous, and virtuous lawyer as his tale unfolds. One night, as he is walking home by the river, he hears a splash and a girl's cry for help, which he ignores. This refusal, the act of a completely free human being, haunts him dreadfully. The responsibility he feels for it is enormous, inescapable, causing Clamence to topple from his throne of virtuous complacency to the

⁷ Albert Camus, *The Plague* (The Modern Library, New York, 1948), p. 228.

⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 230-231.

depths of guilt-ridden humility. He suffers for mankind and goes about telling his tale to all who will listen, as a pitiful example for them to profit by.

There is a notable difference between *The Fall* and Camus' other works. It seems to deal only secondarily with the themes of the Absurd and Revolt. Clamence is, in a sense, in rebellion after his fall, because of the pity and sympathy he feels for his fellow-man. But the rebellion which had been so vital a point in *The Plague* is noticeably lacking in this novel. His theory of rebellion now established, Camus has moved further along in his thought to a serious consideration of the individual's freedom and consequent responsibility:

"The theme which rings through the works of Camus from the very beginning is the innocence of men. However, *The Fall* constitutes a reversal of Camus' concerns precisely because he is no longer dealing with 'I, the innocent rebel,' but rather with 'I, the guilty other.' This is an entirely new exploration for Camus, the rounding out of the neglected other half of his position."⁹

There is an obvious progression in Camus' thought from his first statements on the Absurd in *The Stranger* to his involvement in guilt and responsibility in *The Fall*, and, perhaps, had he lived longer, he might have come, eventually, to an awareness and acknowledgement of the existence of God.

—Carmel Picozzi '63

⁹ Hanna, p. 175.

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The Ulysses of James Joyce

It was a turbulent time of struggle for the independence of a homeland, of exploitation of religious prejudices for political purposes;¹ an era when the British sought to keep Ireland steeped in poverty, and the Roman Catholic Church strove to keep her moral and constant; and finally it was an age when Irish Catholicism fought desperately not to be outdone by Protestant morality and consequently became repressive and puritan.² In the midst of this political, religious, and economic turmoil, James Joyce was born in 1882. Just three months later the struggle for Irish home rule suffered a severe setback with the senseless murder of Lord Cavendish by Dublin extremists.³ From then on, England continued to tighten control as the entire situation moved toward the armed risings of 1916 and the guerilla warfare of 1920-21.⁴

In spite of setbacks, Charles Parnell, beloved leader of the Cause, continued the struggle with some success until division within his own ranks occurred. This division was the result of his alleged involvement with a married woman. In 1890 he died in disgrace and repudiation. With him died the hopes of many, including John Joyce, for financial stability and security; and with the death of these hopes the Joyce family began their almost "gypsy" existence, moving in the darkness of the night to avoid creditors.⁵ For young James Joyce, Parnell was his first hero; and this hero-worship was the cause of his first literary attempt, *Et Tu Healy*, a poem relating the story of Parnell's betrayal by one of his own men. His poem was merely an echo of his father's half-drunk political rantings.⁶

¹ Nicholas Mansergh, *Ireland in the Age of Reform and Revolution 1840-1921* (London, 1940), p. 159.

² Marvin Magalaner & Richard M. Kain, *Joyce the Man, the Work, the Reputation* (New York, 1956), p. 288.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 34.

⁴ Thomas Barry, *Guerilla Days in Ireland* (New York, 1956), p. 13.

⁵ Magalaner & Kain, p. 33.

⁶ Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper* (New York, 1958), p. 45.

Joyce was forced to leave the Jesuit school, Clongowes Wood, at ten years of age, but not long after, his father had him enrolled at Belvedere, another Jesuit institution, in the hope that through Jesuit influence his son would "get ahead." At a later age he attended the Royal University of Ireland, completing a totally Jesuit educational background.

As a boy he studied eagerly, reading history and literature at every opportunity even on family outings. He became the master of thirteen languages, not, significantly enough, including his native tongue, Gaelic. This mastery he makes use of in his *Ulysses*. In addition to this, the vocabulary which his father picked up from pilots on a visit to Queenstown, an Irish port of entry for ocean liners, is the same vocabulary which shocked Joyce censors.⁷

The young Joyce is described by his brother as imperturbable even at an early age, with a "cold lucid indifference" about him. He was shy in company, reserved with his classmates, obedient and dutiful with his masters, though never losing his poise. In his first exile at Congowes Wood he was totally surrounded by a thoroughly religious atmosphere almost monastic in quality. On the sensitive, intelligent, and responsive boy, the strict Irish Jesuits left their "psychological, moral, religious, intellectual, and even social impression," which, continues Kevin Sullivan, "gives understanding of the kind of work he later produced."⁹ Joyce was not a rebel at Belvedere in his adolescent years, as neither is Stephen Dedalus of *Ulysses*,¹⁰ but he was a gifted child who was not, perhaps, wholly understood by the Jesuits, who demanded discipline and order before all else. To Joyce freedom and individualism were of the ultimate importance; they were in fact the very essence of his nature and the guiding theme of his life.¹¹ Although his spirit may have been stifled by Jesuit discipline, it may also have been nurtured by these men who stressed the dangers of "human respect."¹² To act without regard to what

⁷ Joyce, p. 28.

⁹ Kevin Sullivan, *Joyce Among the Jesuits* (New York, 1957), p. 8.

¹⁰ Sullivan, p. 119.

¹¹ Joyce, p. 108.

¹² *Ibid.*, pp. 48-49.

people may say or think—of this lesson Joyce was a particularly apt pupil. Until the end of his life he was totally oblivious to praise or blame. This search for freedom of spirit is the basis of his rejection of Catholicism. According to his own brother, Joyce's break with Catholicism was "totally necessary to save his true spiritual life from being overlaid with a false one which he had out-grown,"¹³ Not even in the mystics, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, who both sought intellectual union with God, could he find the reality beyond reality which he sought, and only in finding this could he believe.¹⁴ His faith was lost, and his reason could only bring him into the dim light of dusk as he followed the spiritual road. This light could not satisfy his haunted spirit, which hungered for the bright, full light of the risen sun. To him the mystics presented only a world of self-surrender, which was too contrary to his nature for his acceptance.¹⁵

In *Ulysses* Stephen Dedalus is searching for a father, as was Joyce. Like his character, the author sought not only a natural father, but a supernatural one. His "exile" from home at an early age demanded that he conform himself to his new "father" the Jesuits.¹⁶ Although as a child Joyce was very much attached to his father, despite the fact that he only saw him at festive times of the year,¹⁷ as he grew to manhood he came to the full realization of John Joyce's failure as a father and as an irresponsible individual. "No modern writer," says Sullivan, "except Samuel Butler, has shown such obvious and unmitigated resentment of a father."¹⁸ And yet, Joyce had not had enough of a relationship with his natural father to warrant anything of this kind. Perhaps personal conflicts with the Jesuits have been given symbolic representation. In the light of Joyce's early and easy acceptance of spiritual sonship, his break with Catholicism was the rejection of the authoritarian father who, like the clergy — Jesuit or secular, stands between him and a desiring and desirable mother (mother here meaning the Church).¹⁹ He rejected John

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 107.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 132.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 132.

¹⁶ Sullivan, p. 119.

¹⁷ Joyce, pp. 56-57.

¹⁸ Sullivan, p. 53.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 53.

Joyce for his failure to provide a natural relationship and he turned away from the Church in his refusal to accept the tight discipline of the Jesuits.

In spite of the fact that he may have rejected the Jesuits and the Catholic Church, within himself and in his works, critics of Joyce both pro and con agree that the earliest, most central, and most pervasive influence on him was the Catholicism of his youth, and this in the form of Jesuit training.²⁰ Joyce himself says, "You allude to me as a Catholic . . . now you ought to allude to me, for the sake of precision and to get the correct contour on me, you ought to allude to me as a Jesuit." The rejected "sacerdotalism" in Joyce is evident in *Ulysses* as the ghost of the priest guides the artist: the priest has thoughts of sin and grace; the artist portrays the sinner and parodies the ways of grace. *Ulysses* is a kind of confessional in which the sin is neither forgiven nor condemned, simply heard. It is innocent of theology, for Joyce said, "Dogma is a most proper thing in a priest, but a most improper thing in a poet."²¹ But if his work is without theology, it is not lacking in references to and analogies of the liturgy of the Church he could not accept.

His interest in the figure of Ulysses was first aroused when as a schoolboy his class was reading Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*. Contrary to everyone else in that class, he chose Ulysses as his favorite character.²² This early-planted interest grew with him to manhood and on December 21, 1922 he suggested this same book as the best introduction to his *Ulysses*.²³

The modern Ulysses whom Joyce saw in his imagination as the Jew, Bloom, is a moral prototype of Jesus. Stephen, "sunk though he be beneath the watery floor," will be brought back up "through the dear might of Him that walked the waves"; he is an evident prophecy of Jesus-Bloom.²⁴

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 144.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 145.

²² Joyce, p. 43.

²³ Sullivan, p. 94.

²⁴ William York Tindall, *A Reader's Guide to James Joyce* (New York, 1959), pp. 130-143.

Mulligan, mocking the creation of a creator in the Mass, announces the transformation of Stephen; and the Eucharist becomes the central symbol of *Ulysses*. Buck Mulligan, one of that "brood of mockers" whom Stephen loathes, scorns "the jejune jesuit," and taunts him with "a cursed jesuit strain . . . injected the wrong way."²⁵ That, says Mulligan, whose function is to understand nothing, is the real explanation of why Stephen would not kneel down to pray at his mother's deathbed.²⁶ A moment later he urges his companion to "chuck Loyola"; and when Haines asks Stephen for his ideas on Hamlet, Mulligan shouts in pain: "No, no . . . I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fifty-five reasons he has made to prop it up." Jesuitism and scholasticism, Loyola and Aquinas, are all one for Buck Mulligan for whom "it's all a mockery and beastly."²⁷ What Dedalus mirrors, and that only imperfectly, is the cerebral, self-conscious, and self-defeating aspects of the Joyce original. He is the object of irony, and the manipulator of ironies. His thought is a brilliant patchwork of pain, not an organized pattern of creative and comic joy. He accepts defeat at the hands of the usurper, Mulligan, while Joyce, speaking in his own person, inflicts defeat on all the Mulligans of this world. Joyce would identify "the school of old Aquinas with the philosophical discipline of Jesuits as he was exposed to them during his last four years."²⁸ And yet, William T. Noon, S. J. has demonstrated in his doctoral thesis that Joyce's Thomism was largely self-taught, as St. Thomas was not given the usual emphasis at University College during his time. Joyce did derive from Aquinas several concepts, among them the "epiphany" and the use of the verbal symbol. Joyce remained Thomist enough to create *Ulysses* as "a criticism of modern society in the light of the 'natural law' of Aquinas."²⁹

Joyce is particularly drawn to the Holy Week services. "Wherever he was, alone in Paris or married in Trieste, . . . [he] never failed to get up at about five in all weathers

²⁵ The intermingled quotations up to this point are taken from the work *Ulysses*, as printed in Sullivan, p. 163.

²⁶ Sullivan, p. 164.

²⁷ The intermingled quotes up to this point are taken from the work *Ulysses* by James Joyce as printed in Sullivan, p. 164.

²⁸ Sullivan, p. 160.

²⁹ Magalaner & Kain, p. 289.

to go to early Mass Holy Thursday and Good Friday. . . . He understood it as the drama of a man who has a perilous mission to fulfill, which he must fulfill even though he knows beforehand that those nearest to his heart will betray him.”³⁰ Stephen’s situation at one point is analogous to the Tenebrae of Holy Thursday. After such a service at Notre Dame in 1903, Joyce discovered his mother’s fatal illness. Perhaps, for him this particular form of worship held a special significance. In the Tenebrae the psalms are chanted as the church is gradually darkened. The psalms are those of the friendless, outcast, the suffering scapegoat surrounded by enemies, abandoned, apparently, by his God. In *Ulysses* the passage is itself a gradual darkening which moves from life to death, from gaiety to betrayal, sin, darkness, obscurity, suffering and death, and burial.³¹ Punch Costello recites, immediately followed by . . . “a black crack of noise in the street. . . .” This corresponds to the noise of the clerics slamming shut their manuals. The passage sometimes elicits themes and emotions which echo the language and structure of the psalms.³²

Stephen, in contrast to the earthy nature of Bloom, is searching for a philosophy and learning, expressing a fondness for mystical philosophy. But through Joyce we come to know both Stephen and the two Blooms, as well as the less important characters, almost completely. “. . . when Joyce properly disciplines his memory we can see Dublin in the early twentieth century as vividly as we see Chaucer’s medieval London from the *Canterbury Tales*.³³

Ulysses is written in a new style or a variety of styles and techniques that are new and daring. It is almost completely objective in its merciless picture of contemporary life. Joyce holds up to ridicule the complex riddle of modern life.³⁴ It is, in addition, a satire on spiritualism, astrology, and the mystical cult of Hindu Philosophy then fashionable in Dublin.³⁵ The techniques used often swallow the story — momentarily obscure it and then give emphasis;

³⁰ Joyce, p. 105.

³¹ J. J. Peradotto, “Liturgical Pattern in *Ulysses*,” *Modern Language Notes*, LXXV (April, 1960), 324.

³² *Ibid.*, p. 325.

³³ William Powell Jones, *James Joyce and the Common Reader* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955), p. 56.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 97.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p., 101.

both are inextricably bound together.³⁶

Joyce was a deep student of Shakespeare, though he thought the man a "time-server" who wrote simply to please the people, not considering the important, significant subjects which were of interest to himself. In spite of his dislike for Shakespeare, Joyce's interior monologue is a development of the English author's soliloquy.³⁷ In addition, the works of Ibsen, Aquinas, Dante, Vico, and Freud are all relevant to understanding Joyce, but the sources are more remote; they rise in Jesuit training.³⁸

Joyce revolted against his country and his countrymen for the same reason that he revolted from his Church. His misguided, proud spirit could not find in Catholicism what he needed. All his life he was haunted by clear visions of what life might be made to yield; thus, he rejected Ireland. The character of Stephen is created by following Joyce in his own development; he is his own model and chooses to use many incidents from his own experience, but he has transformed and invented many others.³⁹

Joyce's contribution to literature is beyond doubt. His *Ulysses* is a massive collection of situations and characters who all have some interest in religion and God, be it evident or obscure; Joyce has substituted religious art for religion.⁴⁰

—Anne Conway '65

³⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 97.

³⁷ Leonard Alfred George Strong, *The Sacred River* (London, 1949), p. 65.

³⁸ Sullivan, p. 83.

³⁹ Joyce, p. 17.

⁴⁰ Sullivan, p. 9.

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It was a billboard advertising The Sound of Music that finally succeeded in turning his thoughts to her. Those children were not merely smiling at a prospective theater audience of New York Central commuters; they were laughing at him personally, as though they knew that he was again returning to a home, more, a life, made barren by a wife who was that herself. How ironic it seemed, that when Catherine would have sold her soul to have one child, he had just let seven motherless ones race by his window. His physical weariness and bad mood made him cruel enough to chuckle at this.



La Vie *En* *Grise*



"I know why you're laughing," said a voice close to his ear.

He turned, startled, to face the occupant of the seat next to him. She was a girl in her teens, and whether or not she was pretty was difficult to tell, because of the unmistakable shadow of nervousness that was cast on her face, leaving it almost grey. At any rate, she was ordinary enough not to have attracted his attention when they boarded the train at Grand Central.

Before he could reply, she went on.

"I'm not used to smoking, and it shows, doesn't it? And that's why you're laughing."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "it wasn't until just now, when you called my attention to it, that I even noticed that you were smoking."

They looked at each other, he still with a look of amusement in his eye from his private joke, she, hesitating to believe him and feeling foolish for having addressed him at all. In this moment, he had a chance to look further at what had interrupted his thoughts.

She was about eighteen, probably a college student, he thought, noticing a copy of Kafka's *Amerika* sticking out of her leather bag, casually enough to appear natural, and noticeably enough to betray her desire to be thought intellectual. Her hair, a nondescript shade of brown, curled forward around a black velvet headband, though anyone who had ever even leafed through a copy of *Seventeen* or *Mademoiselle* would have known that it was intended to fall loosely as in the style exemplified by Carol Lynley and her colleagues.

She was of a height which would deny her forever re-entrance to the land of "cute"; in fact, even as a child, she had probably caused much sympathetic head-shaking among Pre-Teen salesclerks.

"You shouldn't be quite so quick to read a person's mind," he said. "The truth is, now that I've watched you smoke for a whole minute and a half, I think you could very well replace the girl in the Salem ad."

His teasing missed its mark; for the girl, with all the naivete' of youth, blushing accepted what she took to be a compliment.

"I could do with more of your kind," she returned, unaware of the suggestion her answer carried.

He suppressed a smile for fear of incurring any fresh annoyance from this girl in whom he found himself more interested every minute he looked at her.

Since she seemed prepared to let their inane conversation lapse, he took it upon himself to renew it.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"Harman," came the answer, and he thought he noticed a slight stiffening at the mention of that place, as though it were her destiny rather than her destination.

"Do you live there?"

"No."

He had thought she might be pleasant company for the remainder of his trip, a sort of panacea to relieve the ache in his head at the prospect of another weekend of playing the happy husband in a marital farce on the great stage of suburbia; but the abruptness of her last answer confused him, and he wondered how he had offended her. They rode in silence, until, to his surprise, the girl spoke to him again.

"Do you ever do things you don't want to do?"

"I live," he answered silently. Aloud, he said to her, "Why, yes; I suppose we all do things, now and then, that go against our natures, even against our consciences, under extenuating circumstances."

"Under extenuating circumstances," she echoed, with a tired laugh. "Well, I'm going up to spend the entire weekend at some silly college with some insane boy who misspells every other word he writes to me and uses pimple cream on his back, under extenuating circumstances!"

She laughed again at the way she had arranged her sentence, so that it sounded to this stranger next to her that her boyfriend used pimple cream on his back only under extenuating circumstances.

"Well, then," he asked, equally amused, "may I take the liberty of inquiring just what these overpowering forces are that are driving you into the arms of such a beastly lout?"

She ignored his sarcasm, and laying aside her own flippant facade, she said, sadly, "There are none. I'm going

simply because it's the 'thing' to have a boyfriend away at school, whom you can visit on weekends, so that when you come in to school on Monday mornings, people will look at you knowingly and wink at you sympathetically to let you know that they understand what a hot and heavy two days you've just been through."

"I see," he said, flattered now at the way she confided in him.

"No, you probably don't. After all, you're married," she noted, glancing a bit enviously at the gold band that mocked him from its place on his left hand for fifteen years, now, "and all you have to think about are your wife and a couple of cute kids running around your backyard."

He winced at this. Though the hurt she caused him was entirely unintentional, her child-like candor was beginning to annoy him.

He said lamely, "I don't have any children."

"Oh," was her only reply, but he knew that she was trying to determine why he was not the loving father she had imagined him.

He resigned himself to the immaturity which had caused his interest in her to ebb. And so they sat, these two, apparently worlds apart, yet sharing a common pain: each was racing, ironically enough, to the person, the place, he loathed, the only difference being that she was still free. When she had danced the last dance early Sunday morning, and had packed her rollers and her copy of *Amerika*, she would go home to her independence; he was going home now, to his bondage.

They bade each other polite farewells when her stop came, each thinking surely the other would never understand his tragedy. As he watched her walk across the station to where a gangly boy, hidden behind horn-rimmed glasses, took her suitcase from her, his one-way ticket suddenly felt very heavy in the cold palm of his hand.

—Jane Leder '66

PROFILE OF MEXICO

Happy, haughty, hungry, haunting,
Faces masked with silent stares;
Sad, serene, forever flaunting,
Flaunting their pathetic wares.

Clever, crafty, careful, tearful,
Features wedged with lines of woe;
Earnest, eager, friendly, fearful,
Fearful, lest too soon you go.

Sickly, squalid, frail, yet festive,
Culture ancient, pride profound;
Possessed by peasants poor, yet restive,
Restive, real, and memory-bound.

Fiestas, filth, disease, delight,
Country cruel, yet kind and meek;
Nation noble, full of light,
Light with which the right to seek.

Lovely land of beauty lonesome,
Mountains made by God alone,
Spreading, sprawling, ample, awesome,
Awesome, to the smallest stone.

—*Carmel Picozzi '63*

POOR OLD HILARY

"What really knocks me out is a book that, when you're all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it. That doesn't happen much, though."

—Holden Caulfield in
The Catcher in the Rye
J. D. Salinger.

It happens in Hilaire Belloc's books and, more particularly, it happens in *Hilaire Belloc: A Memoir* by J. B. Morton, a man fortunate enough to know that delightful Englishman for thirty years. His tribute to Belloc, in this slim volume, is less than a biography and yet much more than one. It records the man as Morton, and countless other friends, knew him, and imparts to the reader a feeling of what it must have been like to know him.

Belloc's personality spills over in every page, as it does in his own works. Morton confides that only the twentieth part of the man was captured in his numerous writings. "Poor old Hilary," as Belloc fondly called himself, bubbled over with a boundless energy that left all contemporaries breathless and admiring. He had an endless store of stories, songs and ingenious theories on the most improbable topics. The sheer versatility of the man overwhelms; he excelled in essays, wrote verse of merit, composed eminently singable "tunes" to his own music and lovingly dashed off rhymes for children of all ages.

He had a ready and natural wit as vividly illustrated in one instance when Peter, his son, asked: "Was Browning a great poet, Papa?" Belloc's quick reply was: "No, my boy, a Jewish philosopher." He could also be abrupt when he felt that an aimless conversation was likely to be interminable; upon one occasion when the topic was genius, he ended the discussion by a simple statement that "Genius is the ability to think in a very large number of categories." Belloc had that air of kindness that made him address all groups as "my children," in the most sincere and fatherly way. He was a man who could roar with delight and never more so than when the joke was on himself. He could recognize goodness in a man and made that his only prerequisite for friendship.

The strength of his Catholic faith was evident to all who met or read him; it was built on a bedrock of logic and reinforced by his character, heritage and the grace of God (as are all acts of faith). In him, the combination was dynamic and a brilliant illustration of English Catholicism, itself a remarkable thing. He knew himself a minority in his beloved England, but what he could neither accept nor reconcile was the apparent indifference of his fellow English-Catholics. He understood what his High Church counterpart had lost, and treasured the difference between them. He was direct and honest in matters of faith; once a clergyman queried what faith was meant in his book *Europe and the Faith*, only to receive the short reply, "the Faith of Europe."

Among the contemporaries of the day who were counted as friends were G. K. Chesterton, Maurice Baring, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, Robert Speaight, Max Beerbohm and the Duke of Westminster. He enjoyed the company of the rich, but always maintained he didn't belong. As for Americans, "I am fond of them and get on with them—but it is like being in the moon." His French ancestry explains his love for that country and his extensive travels through the Gallic countryside. It was also in character with his restlessness—he must forever be on the move planning elaborate time-tables of movements which he dubbed his "strategies." Having served a turn in the French army, he appreciated the military maneuvers which were part and parcel of the soldier's life. He would have made a very credible general. He had a special love of history and of the living link he perceived in every person of past events. He never ceased to thrill at being present at the actual sites of historical import. Belloc had the happy faculty of transmitting this to others on paper.

To those who have enjoyed his numerous and varied writings, an endless cataloguing of the virtues and foibles of his personality is justifiable. To the small remainder, denial of his genius by a beggaring description is criminal. Morton has preserved the man as far as is possible in this medium. No small measure of thanks is due him for pleasure rendered.

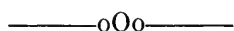
—Maureen Mangan '63

William Golding:

A World In Darkness

"In the Third Interglacial Period, a certain number of small family groups of men (*Homo Neanderthalensis*), wandered over the land. . . ."

The people talked again excitedly. They hurried into the hollow. Mal crouched down between the fire and the recess and spread out his hands, while Fa and Nil brought more wood and placed it ready. Liku brought a branch and gave it to the old woman. Ha squatted against the rock and shuffled his back till it fitted. His right hand found a stone and picked it up. He showed it to the people.



"The individuals of this species were not merely simpler and lower than we are, they were on another line. While the back parts of the brain, which deal with sight and touch and with the energy of the body, are well developed, the front parts, which are connected with thought and speech are comparatively small."

The pictures went out of his head for a while. He scratched himself under the mouth. There were so many things to be said. He wished he could ask Mal what it was that joined a picture to a picture so that the last of many came out of the first.



"The appearance of Neanderthal Man seems to suggest an extreme hairiness, an ugliness, or a repulsive strangeness in his appearance over and above his low forehead, his beetle brows, his ape neck, and his inferior stature."

It straightened up a little and stood, not looking at the bone but at a spot some distance ahead. It was a strange creature, smallish and bowed. The legs and thighs were bent and there was a whole thatch of curls on the outside of the legs and arms. The back was high, and covered over the shoulders with curly hair. Its feet and hands were broad, and flat, the great toe projecting inwards to grip. The square hands swung down to the knees. The head was set slightly forward on the strong neck that seemed to lead straight on to the row of curls under the lip. The mouth was wide and soft and above the curls of the upper lip the great nostrils were flared like wings. There was no bridge to the nose and the moon-shadow of the jutting brow lay just above the tip. The shadows lay most darkly in the caverns above its cheeks and the eyes were invisible within them. Above this again, the brow was a straight line fledged with hair; and above this there was nothing.

—————oOo—————

“Finally, between 40,000 and 25,000 years ago, as the Fourth Glacial Age softened towards more temperate conditions, a different type came upon the European scene. . . .”

This was a different voice; not the voice of the people. It was the voice of other. Suddenly he was filled with excitement. It was of desperate importance that he should see this man whom he smelt and heard. He ran around the clearing, aimlessly, crying out at the top of his voice.

—————oOo—————

“Ethnologists class these new human races in the same species as ourselves, and with all the human races subsequent to them, under one common specific name of *HOMO SAPIENS*. They had quite human brain cases and hands. Their teeth and their necks were anatomically like ours are.”

At last they saw the new people face to face and in sunlight. They were incomprehensibly strange. The new people did not move like anything they had ever seen before. They were balanced on top of their legs, their waists were so wasp-thing that when they moved their bodies swayed backwards and forwards. They did not look at the earth but straight ahead. Now for the first time, Lok saw the

ears of the new men. They were tiny and screwed tightly into the sides of their heads. They did not gesticulate much nor dance out their meanings as Lok and Fa might have done, but their thin lips pattered and flapped.

—oOo—

In attempting to decipher the above, one might be aided somewhat in knowing that the sections in plain print are from H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*, while those italicized are from William Golding's *The Inheritors*. The method in my madness was to alter the standard book reviewing technique, while, at the same time, pointing out the genius that is William Golding's. Golding, as a starting-off point in *The Inheritors*, briefly quotes from Wells' section on Neanderthal Man. I have merely extended this quotation in order to demonstrate Golding's ability to adhere to supposedly factual material while creating an imaginative, almost impressionistic prose work.

In *The Inheritors*, Neanderthal Man, a species assumed to have inhabited the earth for tens of thousands of years, has dwindled to a pitiful group of eight, struggling for survival against a cruel and unconquerable nature. They are a simple breed, existing from day to day, possessing strong animal inclinations. With the advent of the new men, the daring and far more intelligent *Homo sapiens*, their doom is sealed. They are able to sense the danger as would an animal, but like an animal, they are unable to understand the reason for its existence and to devise a rational means of coping with it. One by one, they die or are killed by the new men until only Lok is left—he who was least able to think and was so often jeered at by the others. Alone, he squats down, draws his knees closely to his chest, bows his head, and simply gives up the struggle of life, thus marking the end of the species Neanderthal.

Working hand in hand with the content of the book is the beautifully descriptive, poetic prose. The reader is made to share the strange experience of seeing life through the vague, irrational mind of the Neanderthal Man. But Golding's mastery of the written word transforms what could have become dull and plodding into something fascinating, wherein the reader, faced with a series of dream-

like impressions, must interpret for himself the actual occurrences. A case in point is when Lok, his people destroyed, alone and like a lost child, sheds silent tears:

"There was light now in each cavern, lights faint as the starlight reflected in the crystals of a granite cliff. The lights increased, acquired definition, brightened, lay each sparkling at the lower edge of a cavern. Suddenly, noiselessly, the lights became thin crescents, went out and streaks glistened on each cheek. The lights appeared again, caught among the silvered curls of the beard. They hung, elongated, dropped from curl to curl and gathered at the lowest tip. The streaks on the cheeks pulsed as the drops swam down them, a great drop swelled at the end of a hair of the beard, shivering and bright. It detached itself and fell in a silver flash, striking a withered leaf with a sharp pat."

Unfortunately, the message Golding leaves isn't as pleasant as his descriptive prose. It is a philosophy of life more clearly understood by an analysis of another of his novels, *Lord of the Flies*.

The characters in this novel are a group of school boys abandoned, without adults, on a desert island, as the result of a plane crash. Within a short time, free from the constraint of society, many of them become savages. However, their savagery isn't merely child's play. Complete with war-paint, rituals, and human sacrifice, they have assumed a very real and terrifying barbaric primitivism. "Piggy" and Simon, two of the boys who remained faithful to the lawful society which produced them, are the victims. Ralph, the leader of this civilized element, is hunted ruthlessly by the spear-toting savages and nearly becomes the third victim when "rescue" arrives in the form of the British Navy. In the presence of the adult officer, the "natives" instantaneously revert to their former innocently boyish selves.

Golding deciphers the enigma of *Lord of the Flies* as follows:

"The theme is an attempt to trace the defects of society back to the defects of human nature. The moral is that the shape of a society must depend on the ethical nature of the individual and not on any political system however apparently logical or respectable. The whole book is symbolic in nature except the rescue in the end where adult life appears, dignified and capable, but in reality enmeshed in the same evil as the symbolic life of the children on the island. The officer, having interrupted a man-hunt, prepares to take the children off the island in a cruiser which will presently be hunting its enemy in the same implacable way. And who will rescue the adult and his cruiser?"

And where, one might ask, is God in this allegorical puzzle? From a materialistic point of view *Lord of the Flies* is, indeed, a thought-provoking, soul-searching novel. Golding quite astutely solves the riddle of human capacity for evil in a God-less world by telling us that the evil we see about us is part of man's very nature. But what is the origin of these so-called corrupt human beings? Were they created? Did they evolve? Where, one might ask again, is God?

If, excluding its conclusion, *Lord of the Flies* is entirely symbolic in nature, as Golding himself has stated, then perhaps it is possible to find the symbolic representation of God and, consequently, of religion, somewhere in the novel.

The children on the island, especially the younger ones, all fear a "beast" which they know is present, but have not actually seen. Ralph and Jack, later to become the leaders of the opposing forces of civilization and savagery, attempt to find this "beast" and do away with it if possible. In the dark of night they climb a mountain where they believe it to be, and to their utter horror see a humped figure in the gap of a rock.

"Behind them the silver of moon had drawn clear of the horizon. Before them something like a great ape was sitting asleep with its head between its knees. Then the wind roared in the forest, there was confusion in the darkness and the creature lifted its head, holding towards them the ruin of a face."

Jack and Ralph, genuinely terrified, dash wildly down the mountain and report their findings to their comrades. There most assuredly is a "beast," a tremendous "beast" with teeth and big black eyes. Since they can't fight it, perhaps they might placate it with offerings, suggests Jack, and possibly it would not harm them. And thus is resolved the threat of the "beast."

The terrifying "beast" to whom the children decide to sacrifice for safety's sake, is nothing but the corpse of their pilot, lodged accidentally in the gap of a rock. At each gust of wind the parachute-garbed corpse is raised so that its hideous skeletal face can be seen. This, which the children so fear, is nothing but a lifeless corpse. Is this Golding's symbolic representation of God? I am quite sure that it is.

Without God, without the doctrine of original sin and man's fall from grace, *Lord of the Flies* attempts to give us a picture of contemporary society which we cannot and will not accept.

In a more subdued tone, Golding has attempted to do the very same thing in *The Inheritors*. *Homo sapiens* destroys Neanderthal Man out of blind, unreasoned fear. He doesn't understand why he is destroying in the same way that Neanderthal Man doesn't understand why he is being destroyed. The destruction is the result of some basic inner drive in man, essentially evil in nature.

Does Golding see good in anything or anyone? On the whole, I would reply in the negative. Meanderthal Man, as Golding pictures him, is rather good, for he shows family loyalty, love, and respect for elders. But their goodness, Golding makes clear, is the result of their fundamental ignorance and animal simplicity. They and their goodness are rapidly demolished by the onset of rationality in the form of *Homo sapiens*. The good, one might conclude, is doomed in a world primarily evil.

But what of Ralph in *Lord of the Flies*? Ralph, who is the leader of the "good" or civilized element is allowed to survive at book's end. Is Golding saying, therefore, that good will survive the forces of evil? I myself question the goodness of Ralph. I pity him as he is being hunted by his former school-mates; I admire him for refusing to become a *bona fide* member of their tribe in the first place. But I feel that, rather than representing *the* good, he represents the better of two evils. Ralph had been chosen chief, not because of his merits, but because of his appearance and the fact that he had found a beautiful and much-coveted conch shell.

"None of the boys have found good reason for this; what intelligence had been shown was traceable to Piggy while the most obvious leader was Jack. But there was a stillness about Ralph as he sat that marked him out; there was his size, and attractive appearance; and most obscurely, yet most powerfully, there was the conch. The being that had blown that, had sat waiting for them on the platform with the delicate thing balanced on his knees, was set apart."

So much for Ralph's qualifications. It is to be remembered as well that Ralph had actually participated in the murder of Simon which he afterwards regretted but was unable to resist at the time. At Piggy's death Ralph becomes half the boy he formerly had been which hadn't been much to begin with. Is this the good that is allowed to survive? If so, it is only an apparent good, a shade of grey in comparison to the blackness of evil.

Golding's philosophy of life, if interpreted from these two works, appears extremely negative. Lack of faith in God and in humanity can result only in "aloneness" and indifference. Golding is, indeed, speaking through Taumi, a *Homo sapiens* in *The Inheritors*, who decides to abandon sharpening his knife, for:

"What was the use of sharpening it against man?
Who would sharpen a point against the darkness of
the world?"

—Carmel Picozzi '63

Land of Contrasts

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The following articles were written by fellow students who lived among the poorest classes of Mexico for a period of six weeks working out of a base in Morelia, a small mountain town about three hundred kilometers away from Mexico City. They administered first-aid, took a Catholic census, and did catechetical work.*

The religious situation in Mexico today is in keeping with the other elements of her national character—it is marked by contrasts. In many ways the Mexican Church has achieved a vitality worth emulating. Some of the factors contributing to this are increased use of the vernacular and participation in the liturgy; the Cursilla program—an experiment in a laity-gearred retreat, which has as its goal making every Catholic “on fire,” rich in new love for his faith and the emphasis placed on training of lay missionaries.

However, there is a pathos in the area of spiritual life. The Mexican of the *puebla*—who represents almost all Mexico—has practically a completely external faith. He clings to *Dios* and *La Virgen Maria* with tenacity, but has almost no knowledge of the deposit of faith. He is fortunate if he has had any catechism training at all. Superstition has thus been able to impinge on religious practice. This condition is extremely dangerous politically as well as religiously, for one realizes how little it would take to sway these people away from their religion. Communism appears to be multiplying geometrically because this factor is so prominent. The man who offers bread in one hand, even though he bears the threat of servitude in the other, is too often welcomed.

The prime causes of this situation appear to be the extreme shortage of priests and the consequent inability of the Church to implement her social ideals. The ratio of priests to population in the United States is one for every seven hundred, in Mexico, one for every ten thousand.

After the persecution in the thirties, the government instituted "safeguards" to prevent the Church from ever regaining her former power. Consequently, the Constitution forbids any formal recognition of the Church to the extent that private schools must be owned by corporations or corporate backers and not by the Church; clerics must wear secular garb; parish boundaries are illegal. In spite of these legal problems, most Mexicans are Catholics and churches operate openly. However, the Mexican government could conceivably enforce the stringent terms of the Constitution, and in doing so, almost cripple the Church.

Cognizant of its situation, the Church in recent years has turned to the laity and has attempted to utilize their potential and maturity to the maximum. She has instituted a far-reaching catechical program. Adult couples and students are requested to enroll in catechical methods courses and to devote one day a week to teaching in remote *pueblos*. Twenty teams of catechists were operating out of Morelia, the city with which we are most familiar.

Mexican Catholic Action is divided into four spearheads: UFM—Union of Mexican Women; UCFM—Union of Mexican Catholic Women; UCM—Union of Catholic Men; and ACJM—Association of Catholic Youth of Mexico. Each of these in turn has smaller divisions within them, *i.e.*, *compesina*, student and professional groups. All have a Central Committee, a Diocesan Committee and a Parochial Committee as do the CFM and the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Among the youth groups is the student organized MEP, which labors in the universities to combat Communism. These specialized aspects of the apostolate are still in the incipient stages. They were only refounded after the persecution.

Religion-centered education in Mexico is a reality only for those living in the cities. There are some parochial schools for the poor, but most are on a tuition basis. This is due to the poverty of the Church—she has little money with which to operate. There is only one privately owned university in Mexico—American University, run by the Jesuits.

The Church, in spite of apparent obstacles, is trying to minister to the severe temporal needs of the people. Contributions from the Bishop's Relief Fund are assisting greatly. In putting food in their mouths as she brings grace to their souls, the Church is in turn creating probably the best bulwark against Communism.

Thus, we can see the increased need for all Catholics to reconsider the concept of universality of the Church and to remember the unity of her organic structure. The Church in Mexico, as in all lands, must be assisted by American Catholics and we by her.

—*Rita Reilly* '64



SIX WEEKS IN ANOTHER WORLD

The tallest structure in the village was the old church tower, probably built by the grandsons of the conquistadors. To call the people to our "clinic," we climbed this tower and rang its ancient bell. Our clinic was an Air France travel bag. Instead of the one or two people with minor injuries, we were told to expect, about forty Mexicans with every variety of disease imaginable—acute dysentery, rheumatism, ear infections, etc., made their way to the already overcrowded room. We laughed at our own inadequacy (as we were to "laugh" for six more weeks) and began to work.

The small room in which we treated was the only room in the *pueblo* with a bed. Its ordinary occupants, dispossessed for the day, must have been considered nobility. We both maintained a brusque attitude to mask our frustration and annoyance. Women brought in children who had been unwashed for months. The Village matrons seemed unable to associate their children's lice ridden heads with their filthy bodies. The blank expressions on their faces when we suggested in broken Spanish that they wash their children,

made us realize, as we would realize day after day for the next six weeks, that their apathy and total inability to cope with the simplest details of their daily existence. But it was the rainy season: children washed one hour were sure to roll the next hour in the mud and stagnant pools that were the "city" streets.

In the absence of sanitary disposal facilities, the bandages and cotton swabs were burned. In annoyance, we shooed dirty pigs and dirty, curious children away. The crudeness of the disposal seemed to fit the crudeness and inadequacy of our treatment. With some of our "patients" we had felt helpless. We did not know what to do for amoebic dysentery; we could only stare at the bloody spittle of the tubercular man. And yet we were expected to cure both.

Obviously we had more than enough dressings to keep our fire going. Exhausted and drained emotionally by our new experiences, we were packing our kit and preparing to leave, when one of the peasant women called us away. She led us to her windowless hovel and begged us to enter. We saw what seemed to be a rag heap. It was a very old man. From all indications he had had a stroke. She asked us to cure him. We gave him all we had—two aspirins—and began to leave. Smiling, with only the unparalyzed part of his face moving, he called in Spanish, "God will repay you." It seemed for the moment as if He had.

This feeling turned out to be premature when we were invited into the neighboring house and fed boiled cactus. Hospitality demanded that we eat; our *gringo* stomachs cursed our hospitable souls and swore to get even.

We returned to Morelia on a shabby bus with one objective in mind—a bath. We were greeted as conquering heroes by our as yet uninitiated comrades. We played the role to the hilt, and some of our elation was real. Throwing our clothes into a messy heap in a corner of the dorm, we resisted the temptation to burn them. In the next six weeks we were often repulsed by the very conditions we had so hopefully come to alleviate.

We lay there on the beds and smoked American cigarettes, and later, in our letters home, described an experience which had made the whole trip worthwhile.

—Peg Candee '64

IN CONCLUSION

Now that the "adventure" is past, many have asked, was it worth it?

In Mexico, while doing our meagre tasks, seeing the monumental barrier of poverty and ignorance, a spiritual bond seemed to unite us all—Mexican and American with Christ. Physically, our work had little effect, but we loved the people. It grew—a silent, smiling affection. I did not see Christ in every person. Rather I loved *what* Christ loved in the Mexican people. That spiritual bond, Christ's love, linked us willingly to them and now that bond will never be severed.

More than ever the Mystical Body became a clear, meaningful concept whereby each of us is responsible for the spiritual care of his neighbor. Father Hessler, M.M., spiritual director of the students, said once that the Mexicans feel their religion, Americans think it. Perhaps that is the basic problem with indifferent laity these days; they are content to think and let others carry out their religious duties for them. One thing is certain, after seeing Mexican Catholicism, one becomes discontent with Americans because religion for Mexico is alive—something every peasant participates in actively.

Finally, faced with colossal forces of poverty and ignorance, one must realize that the Mexican people or the people of New York, for that matter, need individuals with skill and talent who are willing to share completely their gifts. Good intentions are not enough when people are struggling to live. Education, therefore, becomes vital as the foundation for a concrete lasting contribution.

—Adele Tozzi '64

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LORIA

LORIA

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EDITOR: Margaret Wander

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Christine Giangreco

Destination: Prague

Before Prague, my big, beautiful happy world began and ended with Peter. I woke up to Peter every morning, and returned home to him every evening—in comparison everything else seemed quite unimportant. Our lives were ripe then—Peter's and mine. We were like a couple of crazy kids doing crazy things, falling in love over and over again and never finding enough time in every day to live life to its fullest. Our world was our world alone, and no one else was permitted to enter into it. Someone once said somewhere that absence makes the heart grow fonder. I've often thought about that since my trip to Prague.

It all began about two months ago when my company: D. W. Denifles-London-New York-Prague, decided to send an interior decorator on a tour of inspection of a Czechoslovakian wood-carving factory. I volunteered, since Peter would be in Africa at the time, and I needed something to take my mind off the emptiness. I had heard a great deal about Prague in the past. I had never been there, but I had heard a lot about it. Besides, the American mentality concerning Socialist nations has always been one of unsatisfied curiosity. Here was an opportunity to find out for myself.

A strange, nervous, hollow sensation remained with me after Peter and I had said our good-byes at New York International Airport on that Tuesday morning. Peter was off to Africa the same morning to test some new serum on some village natives living in the jungle areas of Popokabaka in the Congo. All eyes were upon us as, in between sobs and giggles, we sealed a pact, the violation of which was to be made punishable by "loving one another to death", a pact which bound us to phone one another and send voice tapes via air mail each day of our separation.

The flight to Czechoslovakia was a long and lonely one. In Prague, I was to stay

with an old college friend, Helène Verme a foreign correspondent living in the Ma ketska section. It felt good to be met at the airport by an old friend. Following our return to the apartment, we talked late into the night about old times and more recent experiences, until I suddenly became aware that my mind was beginning to wander rather noticeably to thoughts of Peter. Thank Heaven for Helène. She understood perfectly, and withdrew into the study, leaving me alone with my uneasy thoughts. I was beginning to feel rather sorry for myself when the phone rang and Peter's voice sounded loud and clear on the other end. "Peter, you old goat. You don't know how much I miss you already. Really? Oh no. You're kidding? HA HA. What? You hang up? Oh Peter, these few weeks going to be the loneliest few weeks of my entire lifetime. Good-bye Peter. I love you. Don't forget to send the tapes." The receiver clicked on the other end. He was gone. I was all alone.

The following morning I woke up unusually early to a bright soothing beam of sunlight resting lazily on my soft, feather pillow. This was to be my first full day in Czechoslovakia. Since Helène was to be occupied all week with a visiting diplomat, I had to be contented with my lovely loneliness. The first stop on my schedule was to be the wood-carving factory in the heart of the city. I arrived there about eleven, only to be warmly welcomed by my Prague representative, and conducted on a leisurely tour of inspection around the factory. Somewhere along the line, lady fortune neglected to look down with favor upon me. In my usual clumsy manner, I managed to accidentally let fall a most precious and valuable piece of fine cut glassware. I was wounded and embarrassed, but determined not to let the show. My representative assured me there was no cause for concern. It was at that moment that I noticed Mark standing

nd me, a great look of compassion visible
his deep-set eyes. He was a tall, well-
proportioned, immaculate looking man,
e-complexioned, curly and fair-haired,
ensively and fashionably attired, with
ht liquid green eyes, regular pointed
tures and a sad soft expression on his
lthy, radiant face. This sad, far-off
pression was, every now and then, inter-
ted by a warm, friendly smile likened
the first colors of the rainbow following
mid-spring downpour.

I passed the remainder of the afternoon
the factory and was too exhausted to
in my sightseeing tour of the city. I
urned home, grateful to be alone for a
ile to spend time recording and mailing
ape to send to Africa. "... I can't wait
get home, Peter. I feel so terribly alone
this foreign city. The people don't speak
word of our language . . ."

A visit to the factory was once again
cheduled for the following day. There was
much to be seen, so much to be dis-
ered. A gentle unexpected tap on the
shoulder caused me to whirl around
y to find Mark by my side grinning
adly, and speaking softly a language
t was incomprehensible to me. What
strange character he was, and what a
nge sensation I experienced in his
sence. He bowed gently, flashed an un-
standing smile my way and returned to
opposite end of the showroom to help
he impatient customers with their wood
igns.

It was late afternoon once again when I
erged from the factory's glass doors. As
n as I had seated myself comfortably in
little powder-blue rented Volks, I ac-
centally brushed against the horn which
turn shrieked loudly and proudly and
used to stop. A rather large group of
sers-by rushed to my assistance. Among
n was an elderly woman whose skin has
appearance of being fashioned from wal-
shells. She wore a dark, shabby, flowery
on on which lingered the odor of last
nth's potatoes. Her thin greying hair

was tied back with a large polka dotted
scarf, and thick moth-eaten stockings
flanked her legs, making a rather ugly net-
work of veins practically invisible to the
human eye. She stuck her head in through
the open window and as we peered unself-
consciously into one another's eyes, I noticed
that her face showed visible signs of a life
of hardship. Yet behind all this lurked a
hidden spark of youthful impishness. Her
upper teeth slipped, moreover, quite ob-
trusively as she talked. It was then that
I discovered Mark in the center of the
growing crowd. He had a Honda parked
on the opposite side of the street, and ap-
peared to be offering me a ride home on it.
Although neither one of us spoke a word
of one another's language, we seemed to
have invented a language all our own. "Do
I want a ride home? HA HA." I nodded
gratefully. Somehow I hadn't quite under-
stood Mark's intention. We ended up out-
side his apartment on the north side of
the city. It was quite a large, attractive,
freshly painted Georgian home with a very
high number, 956, painted on the front
door in gold, right above the large, shining
brass knocker. A tin sign bearing the names
of two dentists suspended from one of the
windows of the basement. We by-passed a
long, narrow hallway, climbed a twisting,
creaking staircase and entered the door of
32A. It was a simple unornamented studio
apartment. A pale graceful young lady
greeted us at the entrance. She was of
medium height with long braided straight
blonde hair, slim figure, rosy cheeks and
a radiant, smiling face. Her manner was
extremely pleasant.

"Good evening. My name is Lisa.
My father and I (I now took him
to be a widower) are very happy to
have you in our home." She had learned
to speak English almost perfectly in school.
Her father was pleased to be able to use
her as our official interpreter. He had so
much to tell me. Later on that night we
walked arm-in-arm to a workshop nearby
where Mark's friends spent their leisure
time building a repertory company. As hard

working and dedicated as these people were, they still found time to greet me warmly and share with me their wine and food. They displayed a certain curiosity toward the United States. "We have heard about your riots and strikes and assassinations." I was sorry that this was all they had heard about my country.

It was late that night when I finally returned to the Marketska section. I was so fatigued and excited that I neglected to phone Peter. I knew he would understand. Mark had dropped me off at the door of my apartment with a gentle kiss on the hand. The feminine softness of his romantic voice lingered in my mind throughout the night.

I've been seeing Prague through Mark's eyes all week long. It's such an enormously beautiful and elegant city after all. Somehow it doesn't matter any longer that no one speaks my language. The streets and buildings are all quaintly small in comparison to the immensity of the United States, but the largeness of the people's smiles and spirits make up for the deficiency a thousand times over. Prague is a spotless, picturesque city, steeped in grandeur and nobility. Life is lived at a leisurely pace as seen through the eyes of the natives who ride bicycles to work instead of fast automobiles, and place material gain as secondary to simple human happiness.

We spent the remainder of the week, Mark, Lisa, and I, boating on the river, picnicking in the park, hiking to the mountains, enjoying a life I had never really known before. Mark and I shared endless hours of laughter. He had learned to speak a little English from Lisa, and informed me that he had heard a lot about my type of girl from America. "You are all blonde-haired, white-teethed, American capitalists, no?" I nodded and giggled in return.

Time was running short and only one more visit to the factory was scheduled before returning home to the U. S. I didn't quite know how to tell Mark about my leav-

ing. I had become increasingly restless the thought of quitting Prague. Somehow I had suddenly become enormously attached to that city, and thoughts of home no longer seemed so distant in my mind.

On Friday afternoon life became so unbearably restless, that I decided to go and meet Lisa outside school. She invited me back to the apartment for tea, and I gratefully accepted. I had grown very fond of this quiet, sunny-haired, motherless girl in the past few weeks.

I hadn't counted on Mark's being home. He was working furiously on some new wood-carving designs in his work studio. The three of us had a pleasant tea together and Lisa eventually took her leave of us in ballet shoes in hand and went out the door. Mark and I were alone now, and I had to break the bad news somehow, or remain in Prague for the rest of my life. I was unexpectedly interrupted by a light, caressing kiss on the upper part of my forehead. The kiss was gradually extended to my nose, my cheeks, my neck and finally rested firmly on my warm, quivering lips. I said something about Peter and turned abruptly away. Mark approached me once again and this time I had to respond, had to tell him the way I felt, had to thank him for his tender, warm companionship.

In a few memorable moments it was over. I knew I couldn't continue like this. That I would be leaving Prague on the following day. I darted blindly to the door, hiding my tear-streaked eyes behind a soggy Kleenex, groped frantically for the stubborn, slippery doorknob and ran down the staircase. I was grateful for the cool, fresh, chilling breeze that penetrated my entire body as I emerged from the doors of the house. When I arrived home Helene was waiting anxiously in the hallway. "Where did you disappear to? I thought Peter would be calling around for you. What happened to you? He phoned and was so disappointed not to find you here. I didn't know what to tell him." "I have

en anywhere of any importance" was my
ply, "just walking, that's all."

The following morning I stopped once
ain at the factory to pick up my com-
ted order of newly-made wood carvings.
imagined Mark to be everywhere, and
retly longed to see him and apologize for
y abruptness the night before. He was
where in sight. En route back to the air-
rt the weather forecaster on the radio
nounced that it would be a mostly cloudly
ll day in the city, with periods of scat-

tered showers in the outlying areas of
Prague. Somehow, I was almost pleased
to be leaving. The plane touched down at
Kennedy Airport at 5 P.M. Peter was home
ahead of me waiting impatiently on the
observation deck. When I came into view,
he began to wave frantically. I descended
the airplane steps, forced a broad, happy
grin, waved half-heartedly in return, and
finally disappeared behind the heavy, dis-
colored, doors that led into the customs
inspection area.

—Denise O'Toole



7-18-68

*The frowned eyes of a thousand-thousand generations
Look down on my single misdeeds.
But who am I to ponder such attentive concern?
— As if any of them could bother with what I'm doing.*

*My problem, you understand,
is not doing,
But not doing.
Which of course is perfectly lucid.*

*Sit on your hands, my friend,
And when someone asks what direction you're headed in
Try pointing.*

—Margaret Wander

All Things Are Passing

In his acceptance speech, Dr. Van Rohr explained his time suspension mirror as "comparable to a force field. In this case light waves are admitted to the mirror, after which the field is immediately set up. Off this field the image is constantly reflected back upon the mirror." The doctor has designated specially powered optic aids which allow viewers to observe the image. In the science of time travel, Federation scientists view this discovery as a major breakthrough.

(Ip.P.R.)

While the cat, trying to flee the unquarable rain, slunk along the far wall of the platform, my wife's peculiar scent assailed my nostrils. Like the bedraggled kitten dodging raindrops, I tried to dodge her inevitable sarcasm. I failed.

No one has a tongue as sharp as was my wife's. Daily was I subjected to her irascible nature. Daily her abrasive voice wore away the veneer of civilization with which all humanoids cloak their bestial natures. Daily, that is, until that day.

As I said, that day it was raining. It wasn't that sweet rain one loves in April; rather, it was that dreary, drumming rain whose November monotony can drive one mad. The rain became my wife. Her nature blossomed on such days. If anything, she became more venomous; her barbs more painful and her aim more accurate.

By the time the kitten was reduced to a sodden mass of fur huddled in a corner, her strident tones had attracted the attention of the bored crowd. Painfully aware of every eye upon me, I mentally ticked off each microsecond until the space-bus' arrival. As soon as it docked at the platform, I found a seat and sank, a sodden remnant of humanity, into a corner, while the woman who had so reduced me took her place at my side.

A mismatched couple, we were planning to spend the day at the Interplanetary Fair. In the vain hope that I might temper her chronic complaining, I had suggested the outing. I had thought that she might become interested in the exposition and forget her sarcasm for a while. Of course, I was wrong.

We had no sooner disembarked when she began to find fault with everything. The audio-paintings were trite, she whined. During the air ballet she labeled the dancers leaden. The singing grated on her ears—that was a funny comment from her. While everyone else felt happy and buoyant because of the reduced gravity, she felt sick. Porcelain of lunar clay was admired by all—except my wife. She hated the intergalactic rock gardens, the jewelled waterfall and the finespun fabrics of other planets. By the time we entered the Science hall, I was, in twentieth century colloquialism, a nervous wreck!

Most of my fellow researchers will tell you I am quiet, well-mannered and impossible to provoke. They, as I was, would have been surprised at my behavior that day. While I am sure I seemed calm and acquiescent, by the time we entered the science hall, I had ceased to be a human being.

When my wife petulantly demanded the lounge, uxoricidal impulses controlled me. Deliberately I led her down the escalator to the lower level, up a deserted corridor and into an unoccupied room. As my spouse began to voice her disapproval, my fingers sought her neck and the word gurgled in her throat. I strangled her.

A feeling of well-being flooded over me as I closed the door on her crumpled body. I proceeded down the still deserted corridor up the escalator to the upper level where Van Rohr's demonstration was about to begin.

gin and took my place among the spectators.

"This," the commentator was saying, "is an unused mirror. In specially prepared cubicles on the lower level, we prepare subjects for immortalization in the mirrors. Now, if you will don your optic aids, we will look at some of the mirrors on which actions has been immortalized."

A stout lady with a dowager's hump recalled attention to the supposedly unused mirror.

"Why, this mirror isn't blank, "she exclaimed, "just look!"

With everyone else I peered down at the mirror and saw, as a hundred others did, myself in the act of strangling my wife.

Professor D ———, noted scholar of Archaic American Literature, was convicted of his wife's murder. The irrefutable evidence of the Van Rohr mirror led to a full confession. His sentence, solitary orbit about the Earth, for life, went into effect yesterday.

(Ip.P.R.)

—Winifred Radigan



Feel With Me

*Are you listening
while I'm talking?
Oh yes, I see you
nod your head
My soul trembles
in this walking
I want your comfort
in my dread.
Are you listening
while I'm talking?
Or thinking on themes
of your own
And I just a peddler hawking
"troubles, troubles"
Listen please,
my trust's almost flown.*

—Mary Beagan

On Captain Jo

*Memories crowded in on her.
The warm tears poured down her cheeks.
She lay on her side, then on her back,
And then again on her face.
At last she got up, wandering
Aimlessly along the grassy earth.*

*It was the field of St. Patrick.
His body sprawled face downward
In the dust. Dead through Jo was,
His comrades saved his body from
The bristling bullets, wrapped him
Neatly in his soldier's greenish tunic.*

*Such was the shameful manner in which
The barbarians in their wrath shot Jo.
They planned to drag his skin on the dust,
But the angry gods felt compassion for him.
They claimed the corpse for his people:
It was the price and reward of patriotism.*

*Fighting for his native land he was killed
By the Goths with no atom of tears.
With their savage hearts they poisoned
Many of our gallant sons. — And
Their white partners stole our oil
Over the barren seas for sale.*

And this is why they took the life of Captain Jo.

—Nkolika R. Anekwe

Can't I reach You?

*I have only
my words
my ears
my eyes*

Absurd

*the years, the sighs
of me-protecting
or your-heart-apprehending
I do not seek to tie you
Though I tremble*

*to be one
and then
to break apart*

*Come, let me stand
beside you*

*Each of us make
a space
in all this time
though it smart*

*Reach — or we have only
word shadows
thought phantoms
and horizon full skies*

*You reach too?
to hear and to be heard?
are those your cries?*

*Eyes Ears Words
To fall forward
in the darkness*

*And find ground
beneath the absurd.*

—Mary Beagan

One Last Friendship

What is friendship? Many people have tried to find a definition, but I wonder if any one person ever succeeded. Friendship, like the words love and beauty, is a very vague word. It is a word with a million but never one meaning. I have heard that a friend is a person who tells you when you are wrong; a true friend "stands by you through thick and thin."

I did not find the answer in either poetry or cliches. They never applied to the kids in school or my pals on the block. I thought I'd never know what friendship meant.

Finally, we moved. There was a new block with new pals. I met my friend. I met Shirley. She was my opposite in most respects. I was chubby and she was thin; I was shy and she was outgoing; I was an awkward tom-boy of thirteen and Shirley was a poised young lady aged fourteen. We were friends.

The only times we were separated were when we slept or attended school. And even then, the separation was only physical. Mentally we remained a unit.

At night, she dreamed of weddings. I was always the maid of honor and Shirley the blushing bride. I dreamed of bowling a three hundred game: Shirley would be my manager as I became a professional.

In two very short years, I taught Shirley how to bowl. She taught me how to dance. I taught Shirley how to roller-skate; Shirley introduced me to boys. We discussed the advantages and disadvantages of being a tomboy. There were always more disadvantages.

Shirley was loved by everyone. She had a "certain magic" that made her love everyone. She was always willing to help and wouldn't think of hurting anyone.

Everything she had was mine for the asking, and it was almost the same with me. There was only one thing I could not give: my health. Shirley had asthma. She had spasms of wheezing that made me nauseous. She always had to take her medicine.

She had pills and inhalers. She even had a vaporizer that burned a substance that smelled like a very cheap brand of pipe tobacco. I could never understand why someone could have trouble breathing. No one ever paid attention to breathing, except Shirley.

By the time I was fifteen, I was a poised outgoing young lady. Shirley and I found a new subject to talk about. We didn't go roller-skating or bowling. We went on dates. Guy was always trying to kiss her, and I always complained about my giggling in front of Vinny.

That was the summer before I became a junior in high school. Shirley was getting better and everything was great. One Saturday in August, Shirley and I were supposed to go to the movies. I had to go to the dentist. We put the movies off till Sunday.

Sunday came. My brother tried to wake me up as usual. "Jacquie, get up." No answer. "Jacquie, GET UP." Again no answer. "Get up, stupid! Your friend died last night."

My brother was always telling me my dog died or a teacher got run over by a truck but this was going too far. I went downstairs and looked out the window. Shirley's mother was outside crying. She was dressed in black.

I think I remained on that spot for an hour. She couldn't be dead. We had to go to the movies. That was all I kept saying over and over. Then I went to the kitchen.

nd looked at my mother incredulously. All said was, "O God, please don't let Shirley e dead!"

It was too late though. I never saw Shirley again. I refused to go to the wake. he day of the funeral, I stayed in my room. I kept telling myself that she was one. That was the first time anyone I loved ied.

I lost my dearest friend. I know no one has ever found the meaning of friendship. No one could express the contented feeling I have when I think of the "kooky" things we did in those two years, or tell me why I feel less lonely or unhappy when I think about her. Friendship was Shirley. Who can define that? I can't.

—Jacqueline Maloney



A Chain Is A Link

*Tumult is a fun thing
as long as
you feel you're able to pull out*

*like body-surfing is zing
foam-frothy*

*while you can out-swim
the tide's bout*

*But tired is deep
and quiet
covers your head*

*The rest-road out's steep
and where you left off
a broken thread.*

—Mary Beagan

*Closing-in darkling clouds
Around me.
At the peripheries of the eyeball,
Blanking-out mistinesses.
Clammy ticklings about the heart
And throat.*

*Look down and your feet are dangling
Over nothing, with everything 'way below,
The roofs of houses in sunshine
A light year away.*

*Then know what it's like
To not only taste fear,
But to swallow it prickly
And feel it shredding
Your intestines.
Stretch out your fingertips;
Touch numbness coldly.
Pull back in and feel a hollowed heart
Plumping roarishly in a fragile breast.
Can a single word — fear —
Encompass all this?*

*Alien-mutation-hybrid-weirdo-misfit,
Try to be everywhere and find out
You're nowhere.
Ultimate futility; no answers.
Need warmth to allay fear.
What happens if you've had that
And suddenly can't anymore?*

*Find your own answers,
Except others fire the questions
Too fastly.
Don't panic.
Don't laugh either.
The reverberations will burst
Your soul's eardrum, as they
Clang off the emptiness, cacaphonous.*

*Whisper is the secret.
Only a "help me!"
To someone close enough
So you don't have to shout.*

—Margaret Wander

"There suddenly grew and ripened the knowledge of what wisdom really was. . . . It was nothing but a preparation of the soul, a capacity, a secret art of thinking, feeling and breathing."

To our parents in appreciation for allowing us the past four years:

Mr. & Mrs. Salvatore Bartoloma

Mr. & Mrs. James T. Beagan, Jr.

Mr. & Mrs. John Butz

Mr. & Mrs. Ernest J. Giangreco

Mr. & Mrs. Michael Marchitelli

Mr. & Mrs. Francis Mohan

Mr. & Mrs. Daniel O'Connell

Mr. & Mrs. Francis Radigan

Mrs. Blanche Reddy

Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Rocca

Mrs. Daniel Sullivan

Love, Toni, Mary T., Mary Frances,
Christine, Eileen, Margaret Mary,
Pat, Winifred, Irene, Marie,
Maureen

1012





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EDITOR: Margaret Wander
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Regina Accardi

Something

*Track the veiled recess
 of concavity
Be sightless upon the
 prostrate contours
Death to bandage the eye.*

*Varnish the unmeaningless
 to the strain of sighs
Loitering thoughts eclipse
 the understanding
Feel not the flesh of life.*

*Yet savor the fallacious
 courtesy
And muse upon the enigma
 of the separation
Opiated-consciousness of
 the wombs' pathos
The minds' invention of life
 in the wake of birth.*

*To perceive the transparency
 of being
Such to Become.*

Progression

*His love was grasped by the intellect
 not the eye.
I feigned happiness - he could not perceive
 phantasy
Something is perfect as far as it is
 in being.
My love was the actuality of everything.*

—Gail Marchione

Love Myth

*The gypsy sun chased the opaque moon
And danced fire in the sky;
He picnicked on the carpet grass,
And burnt the patent-leather river dry.*

*Amid and among the blushing smile
And through the marble mural of blue and white
Shot ten million watts of polka-dot dreams
And aged ancient electric lights.*

*The vernal moon was long overdue;
And the orient was missing its cheese
But the sky had been so charming,
That the moon only thought to please.*

*The stubborn moon stood steadfast
And refused to leave his love;
She played it coy and colored more
From sky-blue pink to ribbons of mauve.*

*But an angry glance from the jealous sun
Was all that the moon could stand.
And the battle that was about to begin,
The shy sky had never planned.*

*The sky cried out in thunder screams
And fought back her tears of rain.
Nothing could hold her fleeing moon
And nothing could stop her pain.*

*The sun burst forth in smothering light
From the grip of frantic clouds;
This ancient warrior sought to kill,
So old but so terribly proud.*

*He tried to wound with poison rays
From his gleaming ultraviolet eyes
And mortals were scorched on a torrid day
Because of an adulterous sky.*

*The moon was lithe and lost no time
In carrying on the night
He bounded onto bridges of clouds
Over infinite measures of infrared light.*

*The sun was near beat, but the moon took heed,
And stayed away from the sky at night.
But she still dreams her polka-dot dreams
And whispers words of a lonely plight.*

*If you awake and slumber comes hard
Listen for the sound of the crying wind.
He'll tell you a tale of deep remorse
Of the moon and the sky and how they sinned.*

*This man keeps handing me vote-for-me campaign buttons
that i refuse everyday-anyway each day i come out
of the hollowed ground and i say i wouldn't vote
for you while people are discarding his nonsense
pamphlets on my father's tax-paid filthy streets
"Why wouldn't you vote for me?" he shouts as i
scream into his doesn't-matter-how-loud-i-scream
deaf lobes . . . litterbug.*

*The lady's going gray worrying about going gray
She swears she's red white and blue;
I doubt it I honestly do.
Can you blame her for not knowing how absolutely wrong she is
Do you?*

—Schery Markee

Optimisms

*Once upon a time there was this kid,
Ya see
Went from a High to a low
repeatedly
Then a Wise Man appeared
Suddenly
He spoke words of wisdom —
“Flexibility, flexibility
to avoid
Breakability.”*

*Methinks He has something there
So, Why, Why, do you stare?*

*Our Father, you whom we need,
there is much to your deed.
Help us in our endeavors,
though they be at times bummers.*

*When we swerve to the right or left
And we become bereft*

Take us in your arms

*Without any alarm
in perfect calm
We come.*

—Yvonne Noether

*You take the low road to salvation
I'll take the high one to ovation
Your life is full of perfection
My life is total perplextion
Ideas of dead men cry
They want to scream out I
People like to be strange
Total life is prearranged
The eyes of time are closing
Forever presupposing
The wise man sees the end
The end for me and friend
His mother now is seen
Her name is snow queen
She loves her son Seth
And so he froze to death*

*The wings of the eagle
spread over my bed
The thoughts of the eagle
fly over my head.*

*Upon a tree of golden leaves
Two doves sit quiet, alone
The winter comes
The vultures pick the bones
Spring brings life
But all before
Before, but now no more*

—Annemarie Pirretti

I am a smooth tiny pebble dwelling on the beach. The sand beneath me is warm; above me sit the blazing sun. Just beyond me the waves break on the shore. They look so cool, so refreshing, but not even the spray reaches me. The roar of the surf is thunderous, and it sounds so near yet is so far. The warmth overcomes me, but being a mere pebble I cannot move. In the distance a man is approaching; he is big. Perhaps if I call to him he will reach down and throw me into the water. "Person, person!" It is no use; he is so high up that my little voice cannot reach his ears. The sun is growing warmer still. What can I do to become cool? Nothing, I perceive; I will just sit here and burn up.

Oh god, oh god, look, on the horizon, another man is approaching. This time I won't give up; I'll try my best. I'll scream and yell until he hears me.. "Man, man, fling me into the sea; set me at the water's edge so I may be refreshed; I am so thirsty, sir; toss me into the depths of what is living . . . Man, man . . . !"

*I feel fondness
In my head
In my hands
In my being.
This night came all too slowly
Then passed in hurried steps.
Though in its flight
I caught in my fingertips
The gift it handed me.*

*So far as I can see
My life has not fulfilled its purpose.
So, therefore,
I am too young to die.*

*A touch can kill
Be it gentle or strong.
But the most deadly
Is the touch of love.
For in its kindness
There is an unseen poison.
The dagger is more refreshing
For it is plunged in hate,
But the love touch is meant not to harm
For it is for the sake of passion.
And death comes not to the body
But to the soul.*

*I looked up in the sky
And saw a plastic sun,
And everyone was convinced
They were warm.
On through the day the sun shone
The flowers grew and so did the grass.
But as the day passed into night
The sun slipped beyond the earth.
Again, I looked up
But this time I saw a paper moon.*

The Lady

*Cats spit and snarl,
Cats claw and hunch their backs.
They scratch and nip
And cry out in dissatisfaction.*

*When hungerpains make their bellies ache
They whine and mew.
And when they are filled
They leave you cold
Just like any woman will do.*

—Dorothy A. Rinaldi

Pain

When someone you love, no longer loves you

It hurts.

When sleepless nights become your closest friend

It hurts.

That we will die - and be forgotten

It hurts.

That tomorrow is a new day

Learning Tree

*I was taught
Way back when
To Love
All.
Now -
I know . . .*

Open Confession

*Everytime It rains
It seems that all those
Little drops
Are bits and pieces of
My Life - being exposed to
The World.*

—Aveian Granderson

“Me”

*It's been a long time since I've been in the fields.
The dewdrops that once caressed my body
Now sit alone on the green stalks.
The friendship I once had with the sun
Is dwindling through neglect.
I can barely see the blue clearness of the sky
As I walk on concrete beaches
Breathing the pollution, missing the
Uniqueness of the rain.*

—Jane Zeiler

*Cesarean birth
 leaped from its
 premature crib
and sped
 on sterling skates
through
 tear-stained halls
of frostbitten laughter.*

Credulously I watched.

*In the ecstatic pre-dazzled
 dawn of rebirth*

the generation of life

*storms through phases
of
 woebegone blueness*

*As the dappled sky of
 lost integrity
founders in the
 ordained Bleakness*

—Kris Koscielniak

Ante-Yet?

*when your voice goes softly
down
down
deeping
soft, speak soft, my gentle,
gently.*

*these are sounds of love in shyness
too too strong to say but whisper
whisper wispy, softly
freighted
frighted
lest they be too heard
and hurt.*

*hard too hard to say but
softly
too hard they hurt, save spoken softly.*

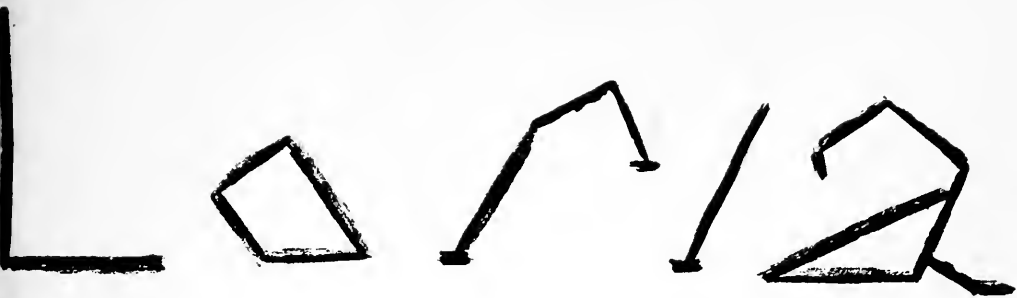
*pain sounds, spoken softly
sound sweetly.
pain of love too deep too strong
sounds sweetly softly shared.*

Byronesque

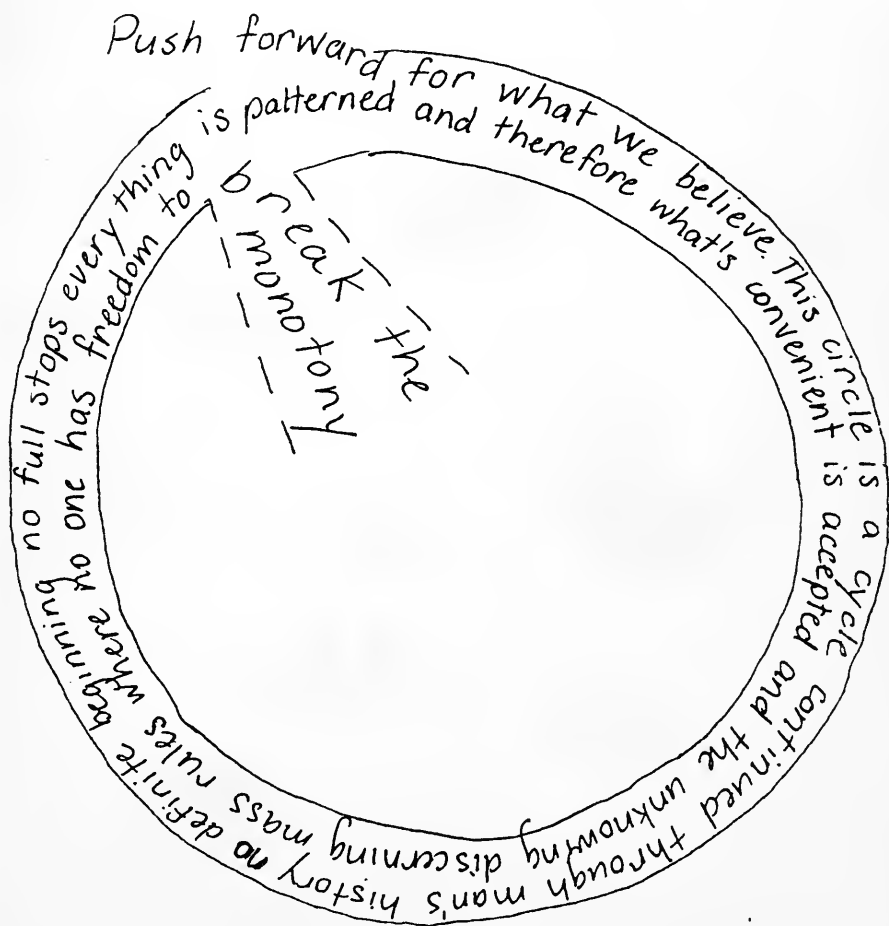
*O depth beyond my depth,
Deep depthness deeply
Depthless.
Beyond my beyond,
And on beyond beyondness;
Depth of deep'ning magic-
Madness.
Thrill(ing) deep'ning
Depthful thrillness
Soulful soulness
Noisy soundless
'Sounding noiseless
Deeply sounding.
Sounding depths of untold deepness,
Ever.*

—mwander





"People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening."



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CONSULTING EDITOR: Margaret Wander	

The Lover(s)

what is it we see in each other?

Absolutely

Nothing.

oh, true- small things,

favorite ways,

a look,

the rococo of character. . . .

But to search the inner core,

To plunge toward the Into of the

Other

To find

a void

Empty—

A silhouette etched into the landscape

of that psyche,

familiar

because it is one's own. . . .

*It is what we don't see that so
draws us—*

The missing Me in You,

That holds us so together.

6/12/70

—m. wander

The omnipotent God

*The omnipotent God looks down
upon a
selfrighteous, mundane
world.*

*A world of turmoil and strife
crying out
for
alleviation.*

*Does a nebulous veil
Obscure our cries from the creator's ear's?
For where is mitigation?*

*Perhaps,
there is a reason for his procrastination.
Can reciprocity occur in a world
where man is recalcitrant to the concept
of a supreme being.*

Man WAKE UP!

The moon shines

*The moon shines upon the barren snowplain.
Transforming it
into a myriad of sparkling diamonds.
Minute creatures scurry over hurdles of rotted
saturated wood,
seeking shelter from the piercing wind.
Trees stand grotesquely majestic,
their arms laden with their crystal like burden.
Man
sleeps tranquilly in his blanketed bed
blissfully unaware.
And a winters night draws silently to an end . . .*

—Gayle Clifford

I'm climbing up chains

*I'm climbing up chains of dreams made of ivy
To somebody's window in castles of air;
I'll speak in the night wind,
"Tomorrow come meet me,*

*When daylight is sleeping and behind you is care."
We'll both be on horses
Me next to you,
You'll sing out bright colors
And paint me stories I knew.*

*When we all seem so happy,
I know it's not true
Cause I'm going crazy
But you're still like new.*

*Violets coming through morning light
Carried by love words of gentlemen trees
Life for the asking,
Trust for an answer
Somebody god damn you wake me up please*

*Tonight a night for soft revelation,
Fine morning this morning to sleep in a dream,
My mind for the taking
My freedom for raping
Only this time, sweet baby, I'm ready to scream.*

*Raining, much raining, it's pouring outside,
Washing my face only once more to hide
I'll give you my soul, it won't cost you a dime
What I'm good for I'm new for
Once I thought it a crime
I'm growing, you know, though it's all on your time*

*Sweet song of a blackbird
Once enchanted a sea
And water was crystal and ice fantasy
I hate you, God help me wake me up please,
I love you god damn you it's not up to me.*

*Where are you going,
Is it really very far;
Must I stay behind,
Or can I come?*

*Answer me in muted tones of blue and purple rays.
When it is morning, things are true,
Answer me in the light of morning.
Where are you going,
Asleep in the grass, you awake to explore the thoughts
you left the day before.*

*Crying out, because you see so much
Magnified under the drop of rain
Which lies unconscious
On a loveless expanse of can't be explained.
Where are you going, to lie and be warm in the sun,
Must I stay behind or can I come?*

—Schery Markee

A Rosebud

*a rosebud among thorns
suffers to survive
survives to suffer
all the pain and passion
of youth
for she knows
that tomorrow
will kiss her petals
with the warming stamin
and beauty
of maturity*

—Kris Koscielniak

Sparks of Sun

*Slender blades of grain
Rove in the wind
And share their seeds
With the ground beneath it*

*The sun creates a glow
Giving their field an intensity
That endows life to a greater degree
Than it ever could before*

*My eyes are blinded by
The sparks of Sun
the Grass emits
Jumping out to fall in the air*

*They leap up at me
And there I stand
Arms open
Awaiting their descent on me*

"No More"

*The dawn tries to peer
into a world below
yet can find no more
than a world of woe*

*It mirrors a tree
of branches bare
who uplifts its arms
for the dawn to share*

*Dawn quickly closes its eyes
says, "no more
i can't help you to grow
i've tried before"*

—linda rom

144 Bleecker St.

*What is it that stirs inside me
screaming to be apart
and yet one
with the wonders of life
How do I grasp
what I see as real
maintaining the standards of—
of what
so who cares anyway
it could be so easy
to make life nothing
to become one with the
all embracing sea*

*but why do you ask
for yes
and who will embrace
my emptiness
what are you saying
reach out and hold tight, I will*

M. J. D. K.

*and will you come back to me
to touch my hand*

*and warm a new day
make it a*

*yes to you my friend
and let me hope-trust in the specialness of
youness and meness
singing as we*

WE!

*the excruciating splendor of it
rising in the morning and
going away at night*

*what is the use of dreams
becoming pieces in reality
where does one go*

lost and lonely

*and will you come back to me
singing songs of yes
keeping me one*

and

what have we got to go to—

nothing . . .

ah yes- we.

—jane zeiler

Like Book VII

*When sunset winds itself around the mountains
And twilight follows softly behind
Creeping slowly with its dark blue attire
Taking night by its hand*

*I walk through the blackness
Piercing the solitude by my presence
But she engulfs me—
And takes me home to my soul*

*The greyness rolls over
And welcomes the Morning Star
That melts the hate inside
And as I turn my head
I see my shadow—*

*And I laugh ironically at my
darkness lying on the ground*

Wounded Love

*As I sit in purple darkness
I swindle my mind to others
But in unsuspecting moments
I see misty images of a face*

*A torn countenance deeply scared
By the fatalities of love
And in extreme ignorance I attempt to
heal your wounds
But you coil up inside knowing
That I put them there*

*And when the horses grazed upon the slope
Reclining to releave exhaustion
she glanced at a passing cloud
seeing starry eyes and cured lips
Gliding across the swollen sky*

*Jerking up quickly
she heard the wind call her
And as she raised herself
he lifted her to him*

*Laughing joyously as they left
The green carpet with many bandages*

—kathy maguire

“Decadence”

*Decade after decade of dying.
Ten and twenty and on and on and on.
Where is the child?
I carry her name,
But where has she gone?*

*I can't quite remember
Did this happen?
Or did I read this?
Was she there?
Or was a friend?*

*She is gone now.
Time has changed her form
And I remain —
Twenty years of age
And a decade from my death.*

“Asi es la vida”

*Time is gaining weight
I am getting late.
A day, the next, the next
Crumpling together
Incidents running together
So hard to distinguish
Beautiful days remembered
Weed filled lakes
Ducks pecking loaves of bread
Sitting around and feeling the sun
Meeting a stranger
Smiling
Spending and not squandering
Time
But other times come
Popping back into my mind
Piling up
Encumbering
Days of not so niceness.
Unknown faces
Remaining so
With not so nice eyes
Saying not so nice lies
Weighing heavy on me*

*The joys are feathers floating by,
barely touching.
The sorrows are stones
bearing down hard.*

—Ann-Marie Pirreti

If Only

*the loving that was lived
seen clearly, by diffusion
of the dawning sun's light
through the prism of my mind*

*i framed eternal tomorrows
with glass and metal harnesses
and wished from time's cold prison
to escape their world of reality*

*free to talk, to love, to be
the flooded days of heat and flies
coverage with ones of crystal white
til lost are months and years*

*the now of long time past
will blossom to renew me
with rainbow tears of life
that only dreams bring back*

To Touch the Sun

*crystal beads of dew cling
to sweet smellin' grass . . .
and lonesome eyes follow
the high flying kite, dancing
from one billowy partner to the next . . .
i want to touch the sun . . .*

*gentle leaves crackling their song
accompany the stars' final bow . . .
and lonesome ears listen
to faint voices of kids, skipping
from one sad willow to the next . . .
i want to touch the sun . . .*

*familiar strains mince the confusion
and solitude of a reflecting mind . . .
and lonesome hands ease out—
to reach the busy hands, playing
one chord of truth and then the next . . .
come touch the sun with me . . .*

—Kathy Rensch

Babywinds

*how many times i cringe inside
and want to run and hide
my me
in hope of finding life's oblivion,
to run back and recapture
the golden sunrise
of flawless youth
and there forever to remain
content and carefree
engulfed in innocence
of Spring*

*how many times i laugh and sing
and run and shout and want to burst with
daisies and tulips and roses
and burn the earth with
Summer*

*then the falling leaves,
and swirling breeze
of babywinds
sadden me,
with teardrops that chill my soul
to know that youth
has long since passed
as i most softly hum
my Autumn*

*how many times i cringe inside
and want to run and hide
from the ageless snows of
Winter
in hope of
never finding
the turbulencies of the
dimly stained
rust filled
withered . . . me*

—Kris Koscielniak

phyl

*Far beyond the flickering flame
where friendship brightens the apathy
of loneliness*

*she extended her hand
and
calmed the turbulent seas
of my person*

*Unconscious to the message of her smile
she*

*credulously
let the sun shine in
and whispered encouraging
hoping
accepting*

yes

I do not know what it is about her that . . .

I only know that . . .

*she is
and*

because of her

I accept

Thank you

—kriskoscielniak

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